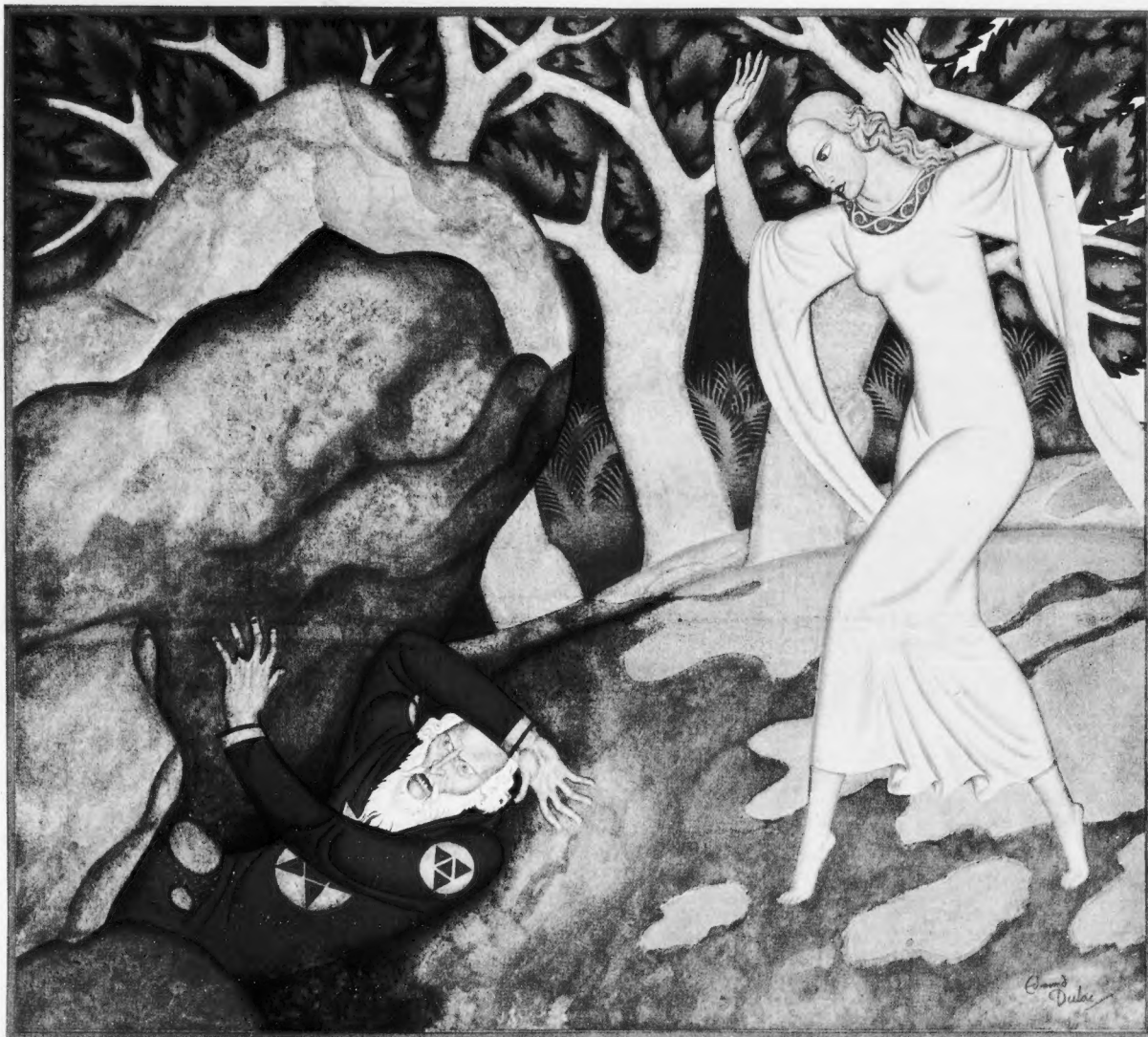


THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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No. 6—The Tale of Merlin and One of the Ladies of the Lake

WHEN King Arthur married Queen Guinevere he invited his Round Table to a feast, and Merlin, because he was advanced in years and wise, had charge of the arrangements and told each knight where he was to sit. The dinner was good but plain, and there were just chairs enough to go round.

Hardly were they seated and Arthur had begun to carve the roast, when in came a young woman, good-looking but excited, and the knights who were nearest and therefore most hopeful stood up with their napkins still in their hands, and moved their chairs closer to make room. But Guinevere noticed the girl's beauty, and asked Arthur to explain.

"I can't recall who she is," said he, "though I may have met her somewhere."

"You may indeed!" said Guinevere in such a tone that Arthur saw his wedding might get out of hand.

"Were you looking for anyone?" said Arthur to the girl, as Merlin told the waiter to bring an extra chair.

"I was looking for you," said she.

"There's a mistake somewhere," said he.

"Several," said she, "and now's the time to right them."

"Now really," said Arthur, smiling in a sick

way and trying to

remember.

But before the girl could say more a knight burst into the hall, fully armed, and seized her by elbow and waist and dragged her toward the door, and she screamed with the full strength of her lungs. So he carried her off, and they of the Round Table inquired by glances, one of another, whether to rescue her, with the Queen feeling as she did.

"There," said Arthur, "I'm glad she's gone. Wasn't she noisy?"

"Go on with your carving," said Guinevere. Then the waiter brought the extra chair Merlin had commanded, and Merlin, with his eyes still full of the girl, forgot he was old.

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life
of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

"Have I seen what I think I saw?" said he.

"What was it like?" said Arthur.

"A guest wrenched from your dinner table, and you watching."

"I didn't consider her a guest," said Arthur, "because I didn't invite her."

"Was she in your dining room, or wasn't she?" said Merlin.

"I'll do whatever you advise," said Arthur, "but no one asked her to come."

"Let Pellinore fetch her back," said Merlin.

"What do you think?" said the King, looking at his wife.

"Pellinore should have his dinner first," said Guinevere.

"I can't eat when a lady's in danger," said Pellinore, pushing his chair back.

So Pellinore armed himself and mounted his horse, and the night being dark and he doubtful which of several roads to take, he counted as in a child's game and so chose. In the morning he met a poor man in a valley, a laborer who took the world as it is, not being well-bred.

"Fellow," said Pellinore, "did a gentleman pass this way, hauling a lady by elbow and waist?"

"A gentleman passed," said the man, "but he wasn't hauling anything."

"Was he alone?"

"He was not," said the fellow. "A woman was with him."

"Collect your wits," said Pellinore. "Did she scream?"

"Not at first," said the man. "They came riding as calm as two cows, grazing into the wind, but then another gentleman showed himself 'round the bend. That's when she screamed."

"Go on," said Pellinore. "What happened?"

"Let me see," said the fellow, scratching the back of his head. "As I recollect, he asked her—the new gentleman—if she needed a rescue, and she said she did, and the first gentleman thought the road here was too narrow, so they all went

(Continued on Page 13)



A Rabbit Imprisoned in a Glass Dome Inhales the Germs-Laden Air Sucked into the Machine by a Mechanical Device, and the Microbes It Takes In Are Carefully Counted.

Of the Animal Kingdom Could Stage A Track Meet

FROM the pennant grandstands there came a roar of applause as 40,000 wolves, elephants, tigers and monkeys watched Jumbo, a newcomer in athletics, win the weight-lifting contest with ease and uproot a huge elm, carrying it 40 paces. And when the kangaroo named Henry established a new high for jumping, the crowd in the bleachers shouted itself hoarse. The 440-dash brought an upset, too, when owlish spirits got together on their figures and decided that, for weight and height, the lowly flea had out-clashed every competing runner.

This impossible track meet, if it could by some freak of Nature become feasible, would be the most upsetting thing that ever happened to the human sports world. It would show men up, in cold figures, as being among the least athletic of Nature's countless creatures. Readers who follow the sports pages and get the impression that men and women are constantly breaking records and rolling up miraculous new achievements seldom stop to realize that it's closed competition, and that mankind by shutting out the animals merely feels itself into championships. It's as if we were afraid of being made ridiculous by the pace set among the world's 420,000 known kinds of animals.

When Glenn Cunningham burned up a mile in a fraction over four minutes and four seconds last year at Hanover, New Hampshire, he hit the fastest sustained stride on record for man. Not so long ago, that was the speed limit for automobiles. And the world's 420,000 known kinds of animals have made a charging elephant could have beaten him by more than a minute. A deer could have doubled his speed and a cheetah could have beaten even the deer, and as would the whippet, greyhound, Mongolian wolf, Mongolian wild ass, and the cheetah.

Faster than all these would have been the jack rabbit, who has been known to do a mile in one minute fifteen seconds flat. Still faster is a young buck deer. And when you come to the gazelle and the pronghorn antelope, you're talking about mile-a-minute racing. The cheetah is the champ of them all on land, with 70 miles an hour to his credit.

Take the running broad jump. Jesse Owens in 1935 made a record of 26 feet and 8 inches. Compared to this, in size and muscle, with last year's record-breaking triple-leap by the frog named Zip, at the annual international frog jump carnival held at Angels Camp, California. Zip jumped 15 feet and 10 inches, and made an average to equal which—in proportion to his size—Owens would have had to jump away over 50 feet. Right up in front comes the kangaroo, which can jump 40 feet and 10 inches in a single bound. Without a running start, the pouch-bearing animal can jump 39 feet—which incidentally is three yards better than the kangaroo can do in the air. And the tiger's spring. The flea, of course, outleaps them all. It jumps 200 times its own length, means that, by that standard, a human broad-jumping champ would have to jump nearly

a quarter of a mile. The grasshopper hoes 30 times its length, the mouse 15, the kangaroo five, the lion and tiger about four times—all better than man.

In the water, the human race would be badly beaten, too. In 1937 Thomas Bower, of England, crossed the English Channel in 12 hours, 29 minutes—a distance of about 19 miles. And by cutting through 100 yards in four minutes and one second, Johnnie Weismuller did manage to beat the carp and the pike, as well as the perch. Salmon walk away with the record, however, at a rate of seven miles an hour.

Of course with machinery man has an unnatural advantage on the water, and can beat fish by engine-driven ships. But even here, a big sea mackerel can triple the time of a submerged submarine going at a top speed of 10 miles an hour.

And in the air, man naturally hasn't got a chance, even with his airplane. The male deer fly can travel 818 miles an hour.

But just because the athletes would take a shelling in an all-Nature tournament, does it mean that the animals should be kept out? There is every indication that the only way to improve the prowess of men is to make them compete with their betters. Observation of the principles that enable wild animals to be so fast can be applied to human sports. Not for nothing did the Indians keep track of how their animal friends hunted, fished and played. It gave the Redskins points on how to outwit their enemies.

Aviation construction is taking tips from the wing measurements of birds. Bombers are now being designed after the lines of the fastest birds. The greatest payload among insects.

At present, for a man to compete with a jack rabbit on the level is impossible. It's funny. There's a moral in the tall story about how the fast base stealer on the ball diamond, Pepper Martin, acquired his pace. He was supposed to have made his living in Oklahoma, catching jack rabbits for the fur market. His system was to run alongside a jack rabbit, and when he saw him to see if his fur was nice and thick and, if so, pick him up and drop him into a sack. When open competition, he was to run alongside a jack rabbit, and when he saw him to see if his fur was nice and thick and, if so, pick him up and drop him into a sack. When open competition, he was to run alongside a jack rabbit, and when he saw him to see if his fur was nice and thick and, if so, pick him up and drop him into a sack.

Strong men, like the late Great Sandow, can never rival the little ant in lifting power. If men were as strong as these insects in relation to their size, it would be no task at all for an ordinary-sized individual to pick up an elephant and walk away with it. The huskier wrestlers in the ring and the prizefighters in the crowd get paid by comparison with most species of beetles. Science has never ceased to marvel at the immense strength in the pin-cle-like claws of these little bugs.

The cleverest circus performers, who turn somersaults in the air and walk on wire can never duplicate the flea's trick of casually walking across the ceiling upside-down.



The College Are Busy Slang Factories, Adding Novelty, Vivacity and Humor to the King's English. The Students, It Is Said, Talk That Way Partly as a Form of Relaxation

Do People Talk Slang To Relax?

IF YOU heard a boy say: "The lousy flogger tipped the dope into my monkey stew and beat it," would you know what he was talking about? And if you overheard someone in a trolley car exclaim: "That blot is a packer," he always put away all the gold fish and gummy he can find," would you be able to guess what he meant? These examples of slang are taken from the Girard College campus, where they have been compiled and studied by Raymond I. Haskell, head of the department of English, who believes that slang is the language of relaxation among both young and old, a low grade of communication one level below colloquialism but distinctly above profanity or vulgarity, and unassociated with either.

Since Girard College is unique as an institution combining for its wards-factory boys from six to eighteen years of age—both school and home, and since it is the largest institution of its kind in the world, having a student body of 1,750, Mr. Haskell felt that its language was made to order for a study of slang.

"Slang occurs in high and low social groups," explained Mr. Haskell. "It emanates from every gradation of intellect beginning with that of the moron and ending with that of the university professor. It is noticed least, perhaps, among children of families who provide governesses to shield their young charges from the degrading speech influence of the street."

"In slang we find freshness, novelty, vivacity, humor, enrichment and endearment. There is intimacy in it and also word-making energy and liberance, signs of mental play-by-play and relaxation. When any group of people lives together in camp, school or trenches, an argot or slang develops rapidly. These live on in farms and navies with a smattering of dialect but they rarely develop slang. Creators of slang don't get any kick out of it unless they have an audience to whom to impart their inventions."

Haskell undertook the study because he thought that it might serve as a valuable source of information in the near future for an American Thomas Hughes, who might commemorate the life and traditions of Girard College, founded by the first American millionaire, Stephen Girard in Philadelphia, in the same way Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days" immortalized an English school of long ago.

According to Haskell slang develops as a kind of mental exercise among students who want to get relief from their daily grind. The dull and flat portions die off quickly and only the picturesqueness and novelty remain, to be flourished with times. "Handoffs" for argument, slang originated at Harvard. Ingenious boys often try to speak in abbreviated, "smart" terms.

Thus "stiff" means corpse and "Ratfoot" means pollock, making a characteristic of the whole do duty for the whole.

"Floater" at Girard College means a boy who sits in the water's place in the dining-room, "lipped the dope" means poured the coffee, and "monkey stew" means lamb stew. During the World War, American soldiers called corned beef "monkey meat."

A "blast" is a fat fellow at Girard College, "pucker" is a boy with a huge appetite, "gold fish" are sliced peaches and "gummy" is ginger cakes.

At Oxford, observers have noted that the university slang is made up in large measure of a series of childish perversions of common and proper nouns formed by adding "er" or inserting "ick." For instance, breakfast is "braker," collection becomes "collecker," and the Queen Street Cinema becomes known as the "Queener."

At Girard College is a somewhat peculiar way, the boys add -er, -y, or -ie so that they may twine, toothie, battie, wastie, vey, or Smitty, competty, peppy, etc. "Teecher" is a member of the instructorial high school group, "Teechie" is a town boy, "batty" is having bats in one's belly, "wastie" is wast, "vacy" is vacation (they do the same with action, calling it vey, "Smitty" means an ice cream from Schmidt's candy store, "competty" is comparative drill and "peppy" is a scolding from a college official.

"Slang is flighty and eccentric," continues Haskell. "It often uses a far-fetched expression rather than one which is literal. Take 'slayer' for a Romeo, as an example. Slang uses abbreviations all the time, like 'rec' for recreation period. It uses picturesque expression, like 'railroad hunk' for a real star meal and 'schuyllkill punch' for drinking water. The Schuyllkill River is the source of Philadelphia's city-criticized water supply.

"Slang enters the vocabulary of action with new verbs and new phrases, like 'to gang,' 'to mob,' 'to sling it,' 'to tip the dope.' Sometimes slang terms become too common and disappear into others which arrive on the scene. For instance, at first an inguistive person at Girard College was 'a pin,' then a 'nosy,' and today a 'father.'"

"Sometimes slang has a foreign connotation, like 'composy' for, do you mind, 'composy' is a French word for French compresses. One of the favorites is 'poos,' playing possum at illness to avoid work or study. Among the popular expressions are 'horn off,' meaning keep quiet, 'hone blankets,' meaning overcoats, and 'House of Pain' for the Dentist's Office."

Many college boy phrases of today may be graduated into tomorrow's dictionary.

Where Poverty Is Clipping Cupid's Wings

BELGRADE, Jugoslavia.

MONEY is scarce, so bachelors can't purchase brides in the Balkan provinces, Jugoslavia, the newspapers regretfully announce, declaring that if economic conditions do not improve shortly, depopulation will result.

In the southern districts of Jugoslavia, young men "buy" brides from the girls' parents instead of receiving a dowry as is customary in many places. In France and in many other countries, fathers who can afford it still give their daughter a "dowry" with the idea of sharing the expense of keeping her. In southern Jugoslavia, a woman must be more than a thing of beauty and a joy forever. She must work hard in house or field. She tends the sheep and goats, helps to grow the scant produce of the family slopes, the Balkan mountains and spurs, weaves and does all the household work. Here, woman is an economic asset, well worth the money invested in her.

Of late years the number of bachelors in southern Jugoslavia has been increasing by leaps and bounds. The young men have not suddenly become woman-haters. Wives are as good investments as ever, but the prospective bride-



The Yugoslavian Young Men Are... Woman Haters. They Just Haven't the Money to Buy Brides.

grooms lack the funds to buy them.

In former years, these young men used to go abroad and work in America or elsewhere. When a young Serb had saved enough money to marry, he would return home with a hard-working wife—maybe one whom he had selected years before—he came home and bought her after driving as hard a bargain with her father as he knew how. Then he would let the beloved wife do the hard work around the house and the farm. All he had to do was look after the honor of the family and do a little shooting in the way of settling blood feuds now and then. That is essentially man's work, for women in southern Jugoslavia and Albania are forbidden to use firearms.

Nor labor markets are closed to marriageable males of Jugoslavia. They get no chance to earn money abroad as buy wives and the labor market is so big that it is not necessary to be a beggarly drug on the market. None the less, there is no slump in the price of prospective wives. Such a reduction would involve the family honor, and possibly start a blood feud lasting for several generations. Besides, it is better to be left with a hard-working daughter than four hands than to under-relied her, the parents believe, and that is why there have been no "bargain days" in Jugoslavian brides.

When Joan's 3rd Wedding Drove Her 1st Husband to Try Suicide—

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

FOR a long time the other day I sat staring at the newspaper story which told how Joan Bennett's first husband had attempted suicide three days after her third marriage.

I was wondering exactly what that had meant to Joan, the youngest of the famous Bennett sisters.

After a while the page before me wasn't just a newspaper story, it became one of the fundamental tales of today, of all women who follow the torch of a career, of Hollywood itself.

Women whose success comes through personal triumphs, through publicity, are always the victims of their private drama and grief. As though they who live in the spotlight are stabbed often, too, by the same spotlight that gives them fame and fortune.

Joan Bennett stood face to face once more with things from the past.

Things from her youth, and I wondered how she felt as she tried to cross the gulf that lay between 1925 and 1940. She married John Marion Fox in London when she was sixteen—and that same man if any man is ever the same after fifteen years, had tried to kill himself when she married the brilliant young producer, Walter Wanger, in Arizona so recently.

Over the telephone, when she was on her honeymoon with Wanger, Joan heard her sister Barbara's voice saying, "Joan, darling, John Fox has just tried to commit suicide, he says it's because he couldn't stand the thought of your being married again."

Difficult to swing back over the chain of fifteen years and remember the moonlight nights on a great steamer crossing the Atlantic, remember herself as a vivid, excited sixteen entering life eagerly, remember the tall young man not long out of college herself who was John Marion Fox—and to her seemed everything that a Prince Charming should be.

"I didn't like the idea of Joan being married to that other guy," John Marion Fox said, before he sank into the coma that might have ended in death. "I didn't like her being married to that other guy and I was tired of being awake all the time thinking about it. I want to sleep a long, long time."

I am no special pleader for Joan Bennett. I've known her since she was in her baby carriage, a little blond doll, the youngest of the three children of that great actor and matinee idol, Richard Bennett, and his lovely actress wife, Adrienne Morrison. I remember her in New York when the three of them, Constance and Barbara and Joan, were all little things dressed exactly alike by their adoring mother, almost as cute as the quints. I was somewhere in my teens then and like any other normal gal in her teens I used to look at the beautiful little Bennett girls with their lovely curls and their wonderful big eyes and their cunning little ruffled frocks and hope I'd have three exactly like them.

As I said, I am no special pleader for Joan. In what seems a sort of unhappy break following so close upon her new marriage. It's just that it's interesting to see in this day and age the price women pay for careers in the spotlight, the way it intensifies the heart-breaks and the general troubles and confusions that life brings to all women.

To understand about that you have to go back to the time when at sixteen Joan Bennett married John Marion Fox. People who knew him then say that he was perfect casting. The son of a wealthy and socially prominent family, handsome, gay, witty and always perfectly turned out. He'd been graduated from one of the best universities in the East—Columbia, I think—though his people came from Seattle where his father was a lumber king. But young John Marion Fox didn't want anything as prosaic as he thought the lumber business must be, so he'd taken some of his inherited wealth and gone into the theatrical business—he wanted to produce plays.

Naturally, he knew about the Bennett sisters. Everyone did, and especially anyone connected with the theatre. They were legend,



—What Did It Mean to the Youngest Bennett Sister, Asks (And Answers) Adela Rogers St. Johns, Lifting the Curtain Upon a Singular Life Drama



Of Late Joan Has Become a Striking Brunette and Looks Not Unlike Hedy Lamarr, Who Is the Wife of Her Former Husband, Gene Markey.

It Was Blind Joan Bennett Who Worked and Studied So Hard for Success, and as a Blonde Also That She Fell First in Love and Was Married at Sixteen. Her Career Was Attained. But Her First Two Marriages Failed.



"I Didn't Like the Idea of Joan Being Married to That Other Guy," Mr. Fox Explained, When They Took Him to the Hospital.

they were the girls born with golden spoons of opportunity in their pretty mouths. Then he met Joan Bennett.

Of late, Joan has become a brunette and is said to look like Hedy Lamarr, who is her former husband's present wife—who is Mrs. Gene Markey. I can't see it myself. To me she still looks like Joan Bennett with dark hair—but I may be wrong.

Anyway, in 1925, she was a silvery blonde, very slim, with the vital personality of all the Bennetts. She and young Fox fell in love on the boat and in spite of a good deal of family opposition—she was so very young—they got married. There was in Joan inflexible determination. Perhaps she had seen so much of her older sister's career. Constance had married first at sixteen—Barbara had become Maurice's dancing partner—they were living, they were having a glorious time—and Joan was sick and tired of being the baby, still being educated and all that. She wanted to be a bride, to have a honeymoon, to be free. The London wedding was very beautiful and everyone gasped at the loveliness of the child-bride, and the families all relented—and it looked as though little Joan was going to eclipse her sisters, was going to carry on the tradition of the beautiful Bennetts.

At sixteen she was a married woman. Her husband was young and rich and handsome. They were, so everybody said, madly in love. It was pure story-book romance and they were talked about and stared at and were quite the most dazzling couple of the moment, even in staid old London.

Does Mrs. Walter Wanger remember how she felt in those young days? Does it seem utterly impossible that the man she loved then, trusted her young life, to found to match the image of first love in her young heart, is just a stranger who swallows too many sleeping tablets and creeps back into her life, a dark shadow from the past?

It was Joan Bennett Wanger who paid John Fox's hospital bills, had him moved from a ward in the hospital to a private room—a tribute from any woman's heart to a love she had once known, perhaps.

The charming Jyll didn't last long. The little daughter was born and Joan Bennett was a mother before she was eighteen, "Dear Heart, how young we were"—perhaps those words still echo today in her mind.

In her divorce complaint, filed in 1928, Joan Bennett said that John Marion Fox drank too much. Cool and calm and collected she was, then. Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight—

twelve years ago. It was the fashion to be very sophisticated and gay, to take things in stride, to make witty remarks at emotional or sentimental moments. Joan Bennett was very much in fashion.

Perhaps only her mother and her sister Barbara know how hard Joan took that first divorce. Not because she wanted to stay married to John Marion Fox. She felt that she couldn't. But her heart was breaking because the dream had turned to dust because her ideal of marriage had shattered, because all the lovely things she had planned and the conviction of the way she was going to stay married forever and not have to go through all the troubles and moans and trials of divorce hadn't lasted.

Just a little bitter she was, then. A divorcee with a baby—before she was twenty. And all the world to fall at marriage—and

So she went on the stage, for the Bennetts of course are royalty in the theatre, and she was pretty terrible that first time—in "Jannigan." But she never stayed defeated long. Her beauty had flowered, she was more beautiful if not as chic and unusual as Connie. She wasn't, then, a very good actress, but she set her pretty chin doggedly and determined that she would learn how to act. She was young, and lovely, and she was a Bennett.

"I didn't like the idea of Joan being married to that other guy," said John Marion Fox, when they carried him out of the ambulance the other day.

I'm wondering just what he meant by that. For in 1932, Joan had married Gene Markey.

Probably there isn't a more thoroughly popular and well-liked man in Hollywood than Gene Markey, who is today the husband of the screen's greatest beauty, Hedy Lamarr. Former newspaper man, brilliant playwright and novelist, Gene is a tall, good-looking and altogether regular guy—with a gentle wit and

a philosophical viewpoint.

Perhaps that is why, in 1936, Joan asked to have the name of her daughter, Diane Fox, changed to Diane Markey. There was little Melinda Markey, her daughter and Gene's, and—"He's the only father my little girl has ever known," said Joan Bennett rather grimly. "When the two little girls grow up—sisters—going to school together—I want them to have the same name. To be really sisters."

After being divorced from Joan, John Marion Fox married again not once but twice. By Polly Perkins, a Seattle society girl, he had a son—John Marion Fox, Jr. But that marriage didn't last either, and Fox went to the Philippines as assistant manager of an engineering company and out there a new love entered his life. Carmen Escano was his third and little Carmelita Fox came into the world and all seemed rosy—but there was a quick fade-out of some kind and then John Fox was working on the docks in San Francisco, loading sugar.

I think I am only one of a great many people who were utterly bewildered when Joan Bennett and Gene Markey split up. They seemed so very happy. There wasn't a payer, prettier or more charming house on Malibu Beach than theirs, one Summer when I lived there. They seemed devoted, companionable, and so cozy about Melinda and Diane—you would never have dreamed Diane wasn't Gene's own.

But again the divorce court came up for Joan and it came out that behind the scenes they hadn't been happy for a long time, they hadn't even been really happy, their first break had come only four months after their marriage.

When you get to be my age you realize that it is impossible to judge of the reasons for matrimonial breaks in Hollywood—or anywhere in the world, for that matter. But marriage in Hollywood, as we have all come to expect, is hard to be difficult.

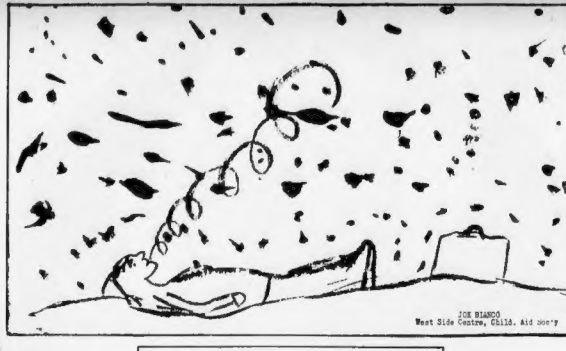
The main difficulty with Hollywood marriages is the very spotlight that gives these people their glamour, their success, their twenty-four hours of fame and adulation. Every problem is harder to meet when it must be met in a glass house. Things that in a normal every day family—happen and are passed by, become gigantic troubles when they hit the front pages—but you can't eat the cake of screen fame and have privacy too.

Why Gene Markey and Joan Bennett didn't stay married nobody knows. But they didn't. And soon after their divorce, Joan began to be seen often with Walter Wanger, whom I personally classify as the best of the younger Hollywood producers. He has courage, he has vision, he believes in the motion picture as a great and important art, close to the

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If everybody looked like you,
I can't imagine what we'd do.
If everybody looked like me,
How glorious the world would be!



Under the faint, fantastic stars,
I lie and sadly roll my R's —
A feat that's difficult and subtle
With words like babe and boob and buttle.



Upstairs she climbs, and no one cares
How many times she climbs upstairs.
Downstairs she goes, and I suppose
That no one knows she goes downstairs.

How Much Sense Do Children Find in Nonsense?

By GELETT BURGESS,
Author, Among Other Things, of "The Purple Cow" and
"My Feet Are Very Useful"

LONG ago, in a careless, idle moment, I wrote this verse:
My feet they haul me round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer, them, and they
Ride me everywhere.

The thing came to me spontaneously, and I thought it silly. It was hailed by sophisticated as clever nonsense. Children, however, aren't amused by such solemn divagations, humorous to adults. They considered the idea of steering one's feet realistic and perfectly practical. A very good idea, in fact. So they see nothing in that verse to laugh at.

I recalled that old verse, lately, and it set me to thinking, analyzing. Why is it that children usually find sense in nonsense, and just as often, nonsense in sense?

Most children, you know, who read Alice in Wonderland take it more or less literally. They are not amazed or confused by fairy tales. They are too used to living in a world of imagination and make-believe. If you work in a boiler factory, you know, you aren't confounded by the noise. You get so that you don't hear it. And so, to a child there is no such thing as a miracle. Life itself, in its daily round is so full of miracle and illogical things that they can swallow any fiction, however fantastic.

If children, then, are more amused by real things than by nonsense that divert us, supervised adults, what does amuse them? Just how do their minds react to things we call humorous? I decided to try to find out by experimenting.

I began with entire correspondence on the subject with Dr. Grace E. Bird, of the Rhode Island College of Education, a specialist in child psychology. She told me that children laugh first at any new form of physical activity, such as learning to walk. They laugh at anticipated difficulties, like catching a ball.

They laugh at the mishaps of others and at their own minor little accidents such as up-setting a chair.

The biggest laugh she ever got in her investigation though was when a duncan was brought into the classroom. The incongruous always makes for risibility. That's why night club directors give their guests funny hats.

Didn't Emerson say that anything when removed from its proper environment becomes comic?

But such situations and pictures, coming into a child's experience, make them laugh, mainly, I think, through a feeling of superiority.



I wonder why, I wonder where,
I wonder who and when and what.
I wonder, but do not care —
There's too much in my coconut.

ity. The laugh goes back for its origin, probably, to the grimace of satisfaction of the monkey, safe in a tree, at seeing his fellow monkey being attacked by a savage beast on the ground. An invented situation, however, such as a fairy tale, whimsical anecdote or nonsense verse, lacks that personal motivation. In other words it is fiction and has an altogether different reception in the child's mind.

And so I experimented first with the purely mental effect of nonsense. I got Dr. Bird to obtain the reactions of children to a set of my own verses. Most of them caused nothing more than a feeling of bewilderment, even annoyance. But strangely this verse, a pure abstraction, caused the greatest amusement.

I often sit and wonder why
That you are you, and I am I.
What if we're not? For it may be
That I am you, and you are me.

The Stanford-Binet Intelligence test has a sentence for the ability to detect absurdities. It's about a road that runs downhill all the way to town, and downhill all the way back. Only the brightest ten-year-olds micker at the paradox. My own test was this:

There are three kinds of puddin' I like—
Mince pie, squash pie and gum.

And this Dr. Bird found puzzled most of the children. They thought it was a mistake of some sort. Then I tried the graphical test. This is much harder, for, you see, to illustrate such nonsense requires a different kind of thinking that is active rather than passive.

It calls upon the child's creative ability. To depict the situation described the child is forced to rationalize it, no matter how odd or impossible it is. But this rationalization is automatic—almost unconscious. The child whose fancy is trained by all



Once on a time I chanced to meet
A man with toes, who had no feet;
And one, too, in my memory lingers,
Who had no hands, but lots of fingers.

sorts of make-believe games attacks the problem as easily as he plays cops and robbers.

That is, it is taken simply, until he or she enters the psychic phase of adolescence, which usually tends to destroy a great deal of original thinking, and makes the child conform to outside influences. The change that comes over children's draughtsmanship at about that age is obvious in all their work. It becomes more elaborate and final, more sophisticated, initiative and self-conscious.

From eight to ten years, however, children's approach to art is instinctive. It is sure. Their drawings, though cruder, have vigor. They are simple and sincere. They have the fascinating lack of technique and direct expression of emotion that charms us in the art of primitive peoples.

And therefore it was with children of nine years of age that I decided to test a theory I had been working out.

The Children's Aid Society, the oldest, largest and most active child-caring organizations in the U. S., with 27 branches doing welfare work, was good enough to use, as an art project in six of its centres in New York, a list of twelve nonsense verses which I wrote for illustration by nine-year-old children. I graded them from those that were literal,

And How Much Nonsense in Sense?
Mr. Gelett Burgess, Expert, Carries
Out a Curious and Interesting Experiment
With New Verses of the Kind
That Won Him Fame—And Here Is
How Some of the 9-Yr.-Old School
Boys and Girls Illustrated Them



I saw my shoes walk down the stair
And out the door, I know not where.
When they returned, in high elation,
They both refused all explanation.

merely funny, and easily pictorial, such as this:

I wonder why I have a hummock
Right in the middle of my stomach
Some folks would merely call me fat
And simply let it go at that.

Through verses less picturable, like this:
A glass of water isn't shocked
By anything you may concoct;
It doesn't even seem to think it
So very cruel if you drink it.

Up to sheer abstractions as in this phonetic jingle:

Oh Carlo, darlo, if a garlo
Should sharlo harlo in the parlo,
You wouldn't, would you? Would you?

Could you?
Or if you could, you shouldn't, should you?

You would hardly expect even a professional artist to try to illustrate such gibberish; and yet several children chose it and went right to work with their pencils. They seemed to find a real meaning to it. I wasn't surprised that it was a favorite because I know that young children love to play with words, change them, repeat them. Indeed, some people, like Gertrude Stein, for example, never outgrow this phonetic pastime. It is an infantile complex dignified by psychologists

by the terms palatalia or verberation.

The art teachers reported that most of the children were at first baffled by the nonsensicality of my verses. But these were usually the older ones. Aren't we all momentarily baffled by nonsense, when deliberate? And isn't it that very upsetting quality which amuses us? Your first taste of an olive may baffle you, but you soon learn to enjoy its piquant savor.

And so it isn't strange that when the following verse was given the children to illustrate some of them were not only bewildered but annoyed:

You knew no better,
I suppose,
When you bit off
Your lovely nose.
Your reason is be-
lieved my ken,
But please don't do
it, dear, again!

The children of eight and nine accepted it without thought. Those of ten or over asked, "Is the man who wrote that crazy?" Some refused even to attempt to picture it.

The children were required, however, to read each verse over three times before illustrating it. After that was done those who had balked at it usually became interested and set eagerly to work to find some sense in it that they could express graphically.

There is a lot of sense in the way Marie Baer illustrated the verse—"If Everybody Looked Like You." Instead of making two persons absolutely alike, she made two of them entirely different, thus putting real sense into the nonsense.

And much imagination was shown in the picture by Joe Bianco—"Under the Faint, Fantastic Stars." Joe has the stars fantastic, but apparently he thought that the human figure should be in a position that more than faintly suggests liberation.

Quite literally did Eleanor Menzer take the verse—"Upstairs She Climbs and No One Cares." She saw no nonsense whatever in that.

But the most subtle interpretation of any of these verses is Joe Giangregorio's picture—"I Wonder Why, I Wonder Where." Here many people who complain about the radio and a strong school who can prove that the radio puts so much in your coconut that there is no room for individual thought. Joe evidently

(Continued on Page 18)



Women At Last Getting Rid of Those Age-Old Bulges

Like Destiny the Two Cubic Feet of Woman Have Been Shaped, Misshaped and Reshaped Over the Centuries. Sometimes Exaggerating Curves, Sometimes Angles. But There Were Always Those Bulges, Which the 1940 Stylists Have Now Vanquished—for Better or Worse.

The Wandering Curves of Her "Two Cubic Feet" of Bulk Reduced to an All-Time Minimum by the New Long Torso—But There Have Been Times When the Bulges Were Fashionable Practically Anywhere About Her



In 1920, Corsets Caused Bulges High in the Front and Lower in the Back, and Later On the Bustle Was Added for Emphasis, Making of Women's Two Cubic Feet an Area of "Hills and Valleys"

THE feminine form gets another new shape this Spring. This time fashion designers and women, in co-operation, seem to have done more to streamline the natural body curves than ever in the history of clothes.

All down through the ages, from the time Eve, in the Garden of Eden, fitted herself into her first fig-leaf costume, women have had curves and bulges to contend with. In some of the great periods of fashion a bulge here or there has been accentuated to the fullest advantage in creating the mode of the hour. At other times style dictators have gone to the extreme of trying to eliminate roundness and curves as much as possible.

This year—which will go down in the records as the year of the long torso—the bumps and bulges must all disappear from the "perfect feminine figure."

Nor is there any place in the present picture for the female heavy-weight. If a woman balances the scale much above a sylph-like 120 pounds she may need to whittle down a bit in order to keep in the running with her lighter-weight sisters. Of course, a tall person can stand a few more pounds for this is to be a season of avette femininity—not of skinny bean-poles.

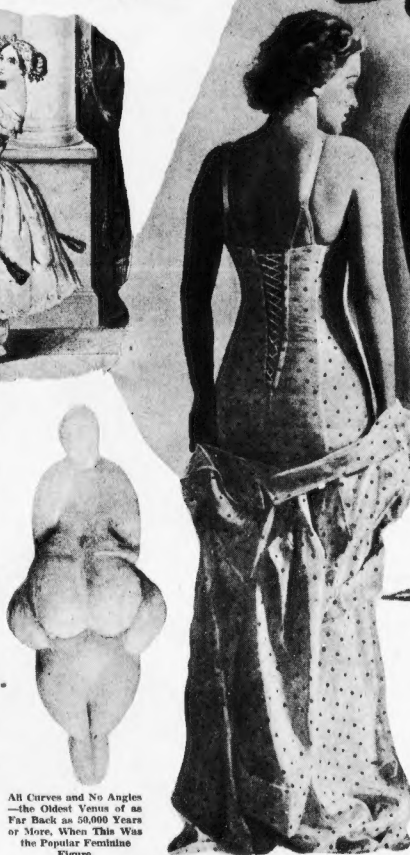
The 120-pound Ideal Miss of 1940 is sure to be a pleasant eye-ball to her male admirer. Yet, let her not glory too much in that knowledge.

To an extremely serious-minded scientist she may be nothing more than two cubic feet of anatomy.

This is not because by some miracle he sees her in cubical form—a truly disturbing thought—but because, when floating in her swimming pool the lady's body displaces approximately two cubic feet of water.

Figuring out this simple way of measuring the volume of an irregular object was the thing that made Archimedes, of old, jump out of his bathtub and dash naked down the street shouting "Eureka!" It might be added that this scientist of long ago was trying to figure out the volume of a crown, not that of a woman. But the principle is the same.

A human body stays at the top because it is just a little lighter than the water in which it floats. One cubic foot of water is known to weigh about sixty-two and one-half pounds. No one ever has been able to weigh just one cubic foot of woman but the scientist estimates, because of her floating ability, that this weight would be approximately sixty pounds. Since one-hundred and twenty



All Curves and No Angles—the Oldest Venus of as Far Back as 50,000 Years or More, When This Was the Popular Feminine Figure.

pounds of woman is twice sixty, the 120-pound Miss must have about two cubic feet of substance.

Carrying the calculations a little farther, the fat woman in the circus, weighing some 360 pounds or so, is a six-cubic-foot mammoth. But those who deprecate, from year to year, what the feminine form will look like have little interest in this gaintess. They prefer the two-cubic-foot specimen—and this year they have decided that the wandering curves of the past must be reduced to an all-time minimum.

No amount of sculpturing of those two cubic feet of feminine volume can turn out a completely straight-line figure—which, heaven help us, no one would want. Sculpturing flesh is not like sculpturing clay—none of the former can be thrown away.

Pulled in "fronts" sometimes result in exaggerated "backs," like those of the seventies and eighties. At that time, fashion caught on and added a bustle to the bulge, giving the then fashionable effect of an elaborate tail-piece.

Nipping in a waistline that seems too

Bulges Are Neatly Ironed Out in These Sample 1940 Long Torsoes With Their Indefinite Waistlines Laced Out Instead of In. No Hips, No Bumps—No Errors.

Pictures by Maitland

generous, as was done by the wrap-waist corset of 1850—and several earlier generations—makes boned-out.

Now the style is to lace-out the figure in too strenuously for last year's hour-glass figure, or those who have naturally tiny waists, may even have to resort to a little padding in the middle until the two cubic feet have time to readjust themselves into a long-stemmed, willowy shape.

The new long torso, according to its originators, is much more than a long waistline. It is an "endless" waistline, starting just below the bosom, which is high but not exaggerated, and continuing all the way down to the hip bone. The up-to-the-minute young lady must have a firm but supple midriff.

All necessary remodeling for this latest turn-out in figures is relatively painless and can be accomplished without much boning, if the two cubic feet are not too much "out of shape." And, in spite of the long, long waistline, American girls are promised that the apparent length of their "lovely legs" will not be diminished.

The new long torso is created to glorify youthful American women and, when youth is being glorified, what woman is going to admit she is anything but young?



A Model Figure of the Early 30's, When Upper and Lower Bulges Were Uncomfortably Accompanied by Tight Lacing at the Waist.

But, if fashion's pendulum swings again, making a sophisticated maturity the feminine ideal, women young and old will doubtless be willing to take on a few more cubic inches and permit themselves to be squeezed and molded until they billow with mature curves. This has happened many times before.

Not so long ago, every girl who wanted to know the beauty rating of her figure took tape-measure in hand and compared her proportions with those of the Venus de Milo—an ideal generously upholstered and fairly well rounded.

A much older Venus, believed to be the oldest in existence, is a statue of a woman carved anywhere from 50,000 to 200,000 years ago. This ancient lady of cavernous days, according to the artist, who registered her feminine charms for posterity, had so many curves that she would make May West look like a match stick in comparison.

For it was men, not women, who started about where the bulges appeared, or try to conform to the shape of the day. Her only decoration probably consisted of some red coloring or a string of shells; both costumes originated by her huntman husband and covered with gore. This was a mark of distinction. The bloodiest man probably was regarded with most favor by the ladies.

Then the prehistoric fashion designer, ancestor of the couturier of today, found that the same marks of distinction could be obtained with less risk by daubing the body with colored earth. Later he turned the daubs into elaborate designs, went in for tattooing, feathers and shells. For a long time it was the male of the species who, like a glorious peacock, strutted his plumage before his lady friends.



In the 30's This Was the Ideal Figure, and Pauline Markham, of the Famous "Black Crook" Production, Was the Envy of Those Vagabond Ladies Who Longed and Suffered for that Hour-Glass Effect.

Yet, somewhere along the line in the history of fashion man made the supreme sacrifice, let women take over the job of being the decorative member of the family and adopted the drab, conventional garb which he has worn ever since.

He gets more fun, perhaps, sitting on the sidelines, watching woman contort herself into queer shapes to please him, than he did out of wearing gay costumes himself.

Sometimes not quite satisfied with molding an entirely new shape out of the original, fashion dictators have tried adding a cubit or two to the female stature—in spite of the Biblical warning that it can't be done. Beside the alternate padding in front, and bustles behind, there have been hair-dos so high on top of the head that openings had to be made in the tops of carriages in which a lady was to ride.

Some of the more voluminous costumes of the past, instead of molding new curves and contours on the figure, were designed to hide bulges that were not beautiful. The widely distended skirt had its beginning when it was designed to hide the crooked spine of a Spanish princess. It has served the purpose of hiding ungainly underpinnings time and again since then.

The high ruff popular in the Elizabethan era was thought up, not as a special decoration but to conceal a wen on the neck of a royal maiden. Yet, even the most beautiful necks were encased by similar ruffs, once the style was set.

Back in the Middle Ages feminine curves were thought quite naughty and something to

(Continued on Page 16)

TEA PEP'S YOU UP!



Make Tea your healthful daily habit to chase away that end-of-the-winter fatigue

Why do athletes and workers prefer tea? Why does the younger crowd "go for" tea? Why do women everywhere praise the delicious flavor of a steaming cup of tea as one of life's great pleasures?

Because tea chases away fatigue and helps you to "re-charge your batteries" when you feel tired out. Because tea is fun to drink—and helps you to have fun. Tea goes with other foods as no other beverage does. Tea is easy to make and 2 cups cost less than 1¢. Delicious and healthful—adding to mental keenness and physical pep. Yet tea lets you sleep like a baby!

RECIPE FOR A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

A—Always use bubbling boiling water and pour it on the tea. B—Use 1 teaspoonful per cup, plus one for the pot. C—Steep to any strength you prefer. (Most people who use cream or milk choose a 5-minute brew.)

GOOD TEA COMES FROM



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA

TEA AND CAKE!

A husband-and-family-pleasing combination if there ever was one!

Tea and cake—a natural combination between meals, for luncheon or supper desserts... or as light refreshment when you are playing your part as the charming hostess! On your busy days, pause long enough for a cup of tea and find out what a difference it makes! Before, you were tired, "blue," felt cross and snappy—for your pep had been used up. But a steaming hot cup of tea is "just what the doctor ordered"! Delicious, tasty—m-m-m, how good it goes down! What a pick-up!

And nothing is nicer with your tea than a good slice of cake. It's so easy and convenient to whip up a luscious cake like the new "busy-day" cake shown above! Or you may want to order a cake from your baker or grocer. Many tempting varieties—oven-fresh—await your selection. And with cake, always, your cheering cup of tea. Quality tea is so economical—the lowest cost beverage next to water. Tasty and delicious alone. Goes perfectly with other good things to eat.

SIX GOOD TIMES TO ENJOY TEA

BREAKFAST—Tea gives you a quick pick-up—and it's so easy to digest.

AT 11 A.M.—Tea helps you to work better, think faster.

LUNCHEON—For a good afternoon's work, let tea pep you up.

AT 4 P.M.—So refreshing—tea chases away 4 o'clock fatigue.

DINNER—Tea eases swell and makes food taste better.

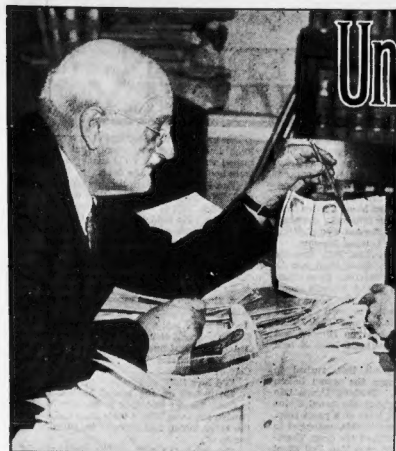
EVENING—Enjoy tea freely—tea lets you sleep.



-AND 2 CUPS COST LESS THAN 1¢

(THE LOWEST COST BEVERAGE NEXT TO WATER)

Unhappy End of Our Own Sherlock Holmes



ELLIS—THE DETECTIVE
In His Office at Mount Holly. Above, Ellis Parker Applies His Theories of Common Sense Crime-Detection...

By FLETCHER PRATT,
Author of "The Cunning Mulatto and Other Cases of Ellis Parker, American Detective."

ELLIS PARKER, America's most famous detective, who handled over 30,000 criminal investigations and solved all but 12 of his 300 murder cases, recently ended a lifetime of putting people behind bars, behind those very bars himself. And all because, while following the same procedure that had proved successful in his most difficult case, he forgot his own first principle for crime-detection: "Look for the obvious thing!"

Parker knew people from the ground up; and his methods were of the homespun, commonsense, rough and ready variety as evidenced by his initial try at slouching at the age of eighteen.

THE HORSE AND BUGGY

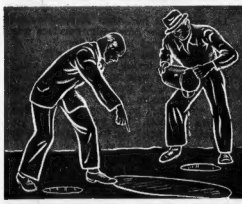
One night in 1892, Ellis Howard Parker, an excellent fiddler in constant demand at rural shindies in the countryside around his home near Wrightstown, N. J., was playing at a barn dance when a thief drove off with his horse and buggy. This made young Parker especially angry because it necessitated walking his girl home—five miles.

He knew practically every resident of Burlington County, and after some cogitation over the matter divided them into two groups—those who wouldn't be likely to steal a horse and buggy, and those who would. From the latter, he culled all who didn't need a horse and buggy badly enough to steal one.

This narrowed the field of suspects to a mere handful, and when he applied the yardstick of opportunity, the crime was solved. Within forty-eight hours the thief was in jail and he had his horse and buggy back.

Shortly afterward the self-made Sherlock was appointed a Burlington County detective, then THE Burlington County detective, a post he held for forty years in the picturesque old county buildings in Mount Holly.

Often he employed the pattern, with ingenious variations of his own, that had



Having Ordered His Assistant to Pour Water Over the Cellar Floor, Parker Pointed to the Vague Oblong Where It Sealed Into the Dirt and Said, "Dig!" There They Found the Body.

worked so well in his horse-and-buggy case. As in:

THE CLEVEREST MURDER

In December, 1921, the badly decomposed body of Sergeant Michael Gregor was discovered in a thicket at Camp Dix. He had been missing from his company since September.

The utter absence of clues baffled the Army's military intelligence section, so they called in Ellis Parker. And this very absence of clues enabled the homespun Hawshaw, to their amusement, to accurately reconstruct the crime.

As suspects he had the entire 175 men in Gregor's company. The task of elimination appeared insurmountable but here again Parker made capital of difficulty. He questioned the soldiers one by one, dividing them into three groups according to their answers to him: "Recall your actions on the day Gregor disappeared."

Most of the men shamefacedly admitted they could remember nothing. Nine, however,

Like Most of the Criminals He Brought to Justice, Ellis Parker, Famous American Personification of A. Conan Doyle's Celebrated Hero, Made One Mistake and Brought His Brilliant Career to a Tragic Climax—In a Prison Cell

recalled a few incidents. The memory of one soldier was phenomenal. The first group Parker eliminated at once from suspicion; for, he reasoned, who can recall what he was doing on a certain day three weeks previously, to say nothing of three months?

The others he re-questioned. So many discrepancies crept into the stories of the nine partial-rememberers that they were finally forced to admit they had made them up out of fear, and really hadn't remembered anything.

The tenth soldier, Private Grover Duncan, not only repeated practically word for word the previous testimony of his actions on the fatal day but also gave an account of himself for the days preceding and after. This sounded too much like what it actually was—a well-rehearsed alibi—and Parker knew he had his man. Duncan got a 30-year sentence.

"The average murderer will eventually head for home if you give him time enough," was one of Parker's favorite maxims. He used this, together with his principle of "the obvious thing," and a way he had of making his methods look like magic until one became aware of their utter simplicity, in outwitting:

THE LIVELY MR. LIVELY

Earlier in 1921, eleven-year-old Matilda Russo vanished from her modest home near Moorestown, N. J. Establishing to his own satisfaction that he had a thrill-killing on his hands instead of a kidnapping or a case of a runaway child, Parker questioned neighbors.

Rumors soon centered on Louis Lively, a thoroughly bad egg, who confirmed them by disappearing.

But Parker had no corpus delicti. He soon found it, however, with a bit of mystifying hocus-pocus.

Leading his men into the Lively cellar he pointed to the dark-packed dirt floor and ordered: "Get pails of water and pour it all over here."

"Dig there," he told them, and there they found the body. When the detective thought it was a case for the murderer to double back for home, he made use of the "obvious thing," something he had picked up at the outset of the case—the fact that Louis Lively was an unusually heavy eater who liked to top off his meals with two or three helpings of sweet pudding.

On the quiet, Parker canvassed all the eating-places in quite a large radius and asked them to notify him of any customer with a penchant for repeat orders of pudding. Not

long afterward, a call came in from a Vineland lunch-wagon.

Lively was captured after a gun-fight and electrocuted the following year.

"There's no such thing as a fool-proof lie," Parker always insisted, because there's some unnatural detail in every lie. Spot that and the whole thing falls to pieces." Which he demonstrated conclusively in:

THE CASE OF THE LIVING LADY

One night in 1922, Mrs. William Giberson, of Lakewood, N. J., according to her version of the affair—got up to investigate sounds in the house and discovered a pair of burglars. While one tied her to a chair in the parlor, the other went into the bedroom where her husband was still asleep, and shot him.

"Which of you was sleeping next the wall?" Parker asked, and she replied: "I was."

Right at the outset two unnatural details appeared: that she didn't awaken her husband and insist he do the investigating, and that she didn't awaken him anyway when she climbed over him. And those were the two things that started a chain of evidence destined to send Mrs. Giberson to prison for life.

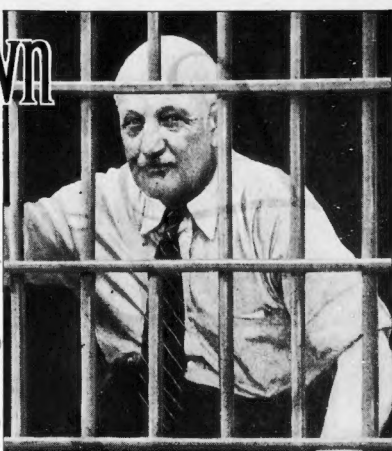
The same principle worked—with reverse English—in what was probably Parker's most bizarre investigation:

THE FRIGHTENED FRENCHEMAN

In 1904 the Frenchman, Millard Edouard, was found slumped over the wheel of his car, near Florence, a bullet hole in his temple. His wife said he had recently married him and borrowed the funds to finance a trip East to get a large sum of money from a safety-deposit box in a New York bank. Litigation prevented him from doing so himself, her



In One Murder Case Parker Had 175 Soldiers as Suspects and Unerringly Picked the Murderer by His Bright Answer to a Single Question.



ELLIS—THE CONVICT
...And Himself Ended Behind the Bars of the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Because He Forgot His Own First Principle for Detectives: "Look for the Obvious Thing!"

husband had told her, because he was not a citizen. But with the power of attorney she had insisted he give her, she should experience no difficulty in gaining access to the money.

She had awakened from a light sleep, she said, to find a gun-shot and hear he had taken his life with her pistol.

Parker accepted the woman's story without question, and over the protests of some of his colleagues, because he sensed that, weird as it sounded and open though it was to a more sinister interpretation, the things were true. What her husband had told her was the phony part.

A checkup proved him right. The Frenchman was a Turk; he had used the story of the money in the safety-deposit box to lull women time and again, and he was wanted by the French Surete for murder.

Roasting in a hole had been blown by a shotgun charge. The foreshadow of Ellis Parker's own downfall is to be found in one of his most successful cases, and the one he admitted to be his most difficult:

MURDER BY PROXY

On an evening in March, 1922, John Brunen, owner of a small circus, was shot in the kitchen of his home at Riverside, N. J. A small man's footprints led to and ran away with nervous strides from the window where a hole had been blown by a shotgun charge.

The fact that Brunen sat in the same rocker every night, that the neighbors had not heard the sound of the shot (which had been masked by a passing train), and that the Brunen dog had failed to bark suggested someone familiar with the train schedule, the household routine, and known to the dog.

A painstaking check of circus employees past and present narrowed the list of suspects. The stock of a shotgun to light near the spot on the road where the killer's tracks ended, presumably dropped when he nervously dismounted in preparing to enter his car. The rest turned up on a river bank not far away. An irate motorist reported being forced into the ditch by a speeding car about the time of the murder. He had taken down the license number but mislaid it.

Parker traced the shotgun by its number and odd appearance from Belgium to a dealer in Philadelphia, who sold it to a man near Hazleton, who had it confiscated by a game warden, who registered it in Philadelphia, pawnbroker had bought it with other confiscated weapons.

The pawnbroker identified a picture of Harry Mohr, Brunen's brother-in-law and general manager of the circus. Mohr was a stocky man with large feet; but Parker discovered he had a crony, Charles Powell, a slim, nervous little man who wore small shoes. Both had what amounted to slight alibis. Mohr having been in Philadelphia the night of the shooting, and Powell in Camden across the river.

Parker was convinced that Mohr, who stood to gain control of the circus at Brunen's death, had hired Powell to Riverside at breakneck speed, in spite of his alibi, and waited in the car while the smaller

man did the killing. But he had no actual evidence.

He felt he could arrest Powell and secure a confession. But that would put Mohr on his guard and permit him to strengthen his alibi. And it was Mohr, the brains of the thing, whom he wanted.

Deciding on a bold step, Parker sent two of his men to Camden to sneak Powell to Mount Holly for questioning, hoping to get enough out of him on the quiet to upset Mohr's alibi before the latter was aware he was under suspicion.

But the plan backfired when Powell looked himself in his room while his wife hurriedly phoned police that her husband was being kidnapped.

Soon afterward, his men telephoned Parker that it was they who were being questioned about an "attempted kidnapping" and to please identify them.

But everything worked out all right in the end, however, for Powell confessed, supplying enough details to enable Parker to break the alibi. And to make the case perfect, the trial material found the slip of paper on which he had written the license number of the speeding car. It was Mohr's.

Both men were tried and convicted, Mohr receiving a life sentence and his accomplice 20 years.

And it was just such a bold stroke, one that also backfired—in fact, it was practically a duplicate of his method in the Brunen murder—that sent the great detective to prison in:

THE CASE OF ELLIS PARKER

At 1:09 a. m. the morning of March 29, 1936, two days before Bruno Richard Hauptmann was scheduled to go to the electric chair for the kidnap-slaying of the Lindbergh baby, Ellis Parker turned Paul H. Wendel, a former Trenton lawyer, over to the authorities, along with a confession in which Wendel was alleged to have admitted participation in the crime.

Wendel (later completely exonerated) at once repudiated the purported confession, claiming it had been kidnapped, held at a Brooklyn house, forced by torture to sign the alleged document, then delivered to Parker at Mount Holly.

The great detective hotly denied any wrongdoing. But he had overlooked his own



Like the Original Sherlock, Parker Followed a Pair of Footprints and Made Some Very Remarkable Deductions About the Murderer Who Made Them.

first principle, the one about "the obvious thing." He had forgotten about the telephone company, which produced records of calls made to the conspirators—three of whom had already pleaded guilty or been convicted in New York—from places Parker was established to have been.

The American Sherlock, who had been called in by baffled law-enforcement agencies all over the world and whose record entitled him to rank with the ace sleuths of the French Surete and Scotland Yard, had failed on his last and most important case.

The homespun Hawshaw and his son, Ellis H. Jr., were found guilty and sentenced to 6- and 3-year terms respectively in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa.

And there Ellis Parker died, behind the eight-ball like the meanest criminal he had ever tracked down in the cause of Justice, and, ironically enough, on the day before the lawyer who prosecuted him and the judge who rendered sentence were to add their names to a list for Presidential pardon already signed by 8,000 of his friends and neighbors whose faith in the infallibility of their "great detective" remained unshaken to the last.

Laughing Girl

By
George F. Worts

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY

Lynne
Covered Her
Eyes as
Sandra Took
Aim and
Fired at the
Murderous
Van Pell,
Rushing to
Strike the
Helpless Peter.

"I've got the watch," glamorous Sandra Page, just married to forceful Peter Storm, youthful millionaire, phoned to Brook Van Pell whom she loved, and agreed to drive with him to his place in Connecticut for breakfast.

The watch contained the formula for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum and was worth millions for war and industrial uses. It was sought by Van Pell, famous lawyer, who schemed to sell it secretly to the highest foreign bidder, by Peter, for Allied Metals Corporation, and by Scott Higgins, Van Pell's agent who planned to get it for Count Beretti of Italy. Van Pell mistrusting Higgins, sent Sandra to Las Vegas, Nev., to keep an eye on him. On her arrival she learned an explosion had wrecked the laboratory of Hilary Logan who held the formula, killing him just after Peter had left him. Assuming Peter had stolen the formula, she first threatened him with a pistol but later offered to cooperate. Fascinated by her, though knowing she'd double cross him, he agreed.

Motoring to the explosion scene they saw Simon Ketzler, Logan's assistant, race away in a car followed by Higgins. They pursued but Peter, held up for speeding, was called a rich playboy by the judge who decided to prefer charges against him under the Mann Act and to hold Sandra, too. Horrified, she cried out this would crush her father, a minister. Denouncing Peter, she joined with him in persuading the judge to marry them to escape a blighting publicity.

Continuing their pursuit, they found

Ketzler murdered and a watch missing from a chain Peter recognized as Logan's. Then from the shadows Higgins shot at and slightly wounded Peter and fled. Peter convinced Higgins had killed Ketzler for the watch and that the watch contained the formula, deserted Sandra to trail him but lost him. Sandra flew East to Van Pell and Peter followed. Arriving in New York he learned Sandra was plotting to aid Van Pell who had tracked Higgins.

At this point, Lynne Van Pell, Brook's sister, madly in love with Peter, tried in vain to make him break with Sandra. Soon after, Peter still on the trail of the formula found Higgins murdered. Returning home and suspecting Van Pell, he was amazed when the lawyer phoned asking to see him. Then Lynne called up saying she'd held up Higgins and had the watch which he could have if he'd divorce Sandra.

Sandra overhearing all this, rushed to Lynne's to try to secure the watch before Peter could get there. Tricking Lynne into drinking a drugged highball she found a clue to the watch and got it later at a pawn shop. Peter, on reaching Lynne's side, managed to rouse her from the effects of the drug. Thereupon she told him she'd seen Van Pell shoot Higgins and that Sandra must by now have found the watch. Peter, astonished, appealed for Peter's love she told him she felt Sandra's life was in danger from the unscrupulous Van Pell.

It was while they talked that Sandra phoned Van Pell she had the watch and agreed to meet him. Hurrying out, she climbed happily into his roadster and told her story. "Sandra," he cried elated, "I adore you. I was hoping you'd get around to that," she replied as they sped toward the country.

And Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BROOK VAN PELL'S Connecticut house was in a thinly-settled area on the outskirts of Westport. It was not at all pretentious. It was a small Colonial farmhouse of the saltbox pattern more than one hundred and fifty years old, and it nestled in a large grove of elms and maples.

He had bought it some months ago as a retreat, because he liked its solitude. It had been only slightly modernized, and he intended to leave it just as it was, because he liked its simplicity. He had bought up about a hundred acres around it, to protect its isolation. In the dooryard were old, unkempt rose bushes and a ragged lawn, and in back was a dilapidated barn. He intended to change none of it.

Sandra had never before visited his farm, as he called it. She had been curious to see the place, and she was delighted when the roadster stopped before a picket fence not in the best of repair, and he said, "Well, darling, this is it."

She thought it was charming. She had not expected anything like it; had been prepared, on the contrary, for a larger place, one more in keeping with the austerity and stateliness of the Sixty-first Street house.

"When I'm in the midst of a tough case, I bring all the papers out here and work on it," he said. "I do my own cooking and house-keeping. I have a secret vice—I love to cook. But, I'm warning you, my pet—the place is a mess."

He unlocked the door and they went into a long, low living-room, simply but well furnished with maple and old mahogany. There were hooked rugs on the floor.

Van Pell went about, turning on lamps. He said, "Now, let me examine that watch." Sandra took it out of her purse and gave it to him. He held it under a lamp, opened the back with a blade of his penknife, and opened the inner lid. He found a magnifying glass and studied the finely engraved lettering and diagrams. He finally chuckled and said, "You're a smart girl. Are you hungry?"

Sandra discovered, now that the strain was over, that she was ravenous. "Starved," she said.

"I'll make you an omelette," Van Pell said. "Make yourself comfortable, my dear. One of America's great unsexed chefs is about to produce an omelette that you'll never forget. Coffee?"

"I'd love it." He picked up the basket he had carried in from the car and took it into the kitchen. Sandra sat down near a table lamp and opened the extra which had brought in, rolled up in her hand.

She read the rest of the story rapidly. Count Angelo Beretti had been found unconscious on the third-floor landing of a remodeling brownstone front apartment house on Fifty-eighth Street, and been taken to the hospital, suffering from a possibly fractured skull. His condition was very serious.

A Mrs. Sara Mallin, who resided on the floor above, had come upon the recumbent Italian on her way downstairs, and had summoned an ambulance. He had evidently been struck with some blunt object at the base of the skull, and he had not yet recovered consciousness. The Italian Consul could shed no light on the mystery. He had not, he said, been officially informed that Count Beretti was coming to this country.

It was presumed that he had had a fight with a man who lived in an apartment of the third floor landing where Count Beretti had been found. The door of that apartment, Mrs. Mallin was certain, had been closed when she came downstairs.

Police were mystified by the fact that the man in the apartment was lying dead in the middle of his living-room with two bullet holes in his forehead. A search of his papers had indicated that his name was either Professor John Medlin, or Scott Higgins.

The mystery was heightened by the absence of a revolver, or automatic pistol, with which Count Beretti had supposedly shot Scott Higgins. The police were inclined to the theory that it was impossible for Count Beretti, in his condition, to have fired the two shots which had killed Higgins, and they suspected that there had been a third man, who had escaped, after shooting Higgins and knocking Count Beretti unconscious.

Nothing was known about Scott Higgins' background. Because of Count Beretti's importance, and the mystery surrounding his visit to this country, it was likely that the State Department would take up the case.

SANDRA turned to an inside page where the account was continued.

She read that Scott Higgins had been dressed in riding clothes when found. Then came this sentence: "The police are interested in the discovery of a small silver luck charm, a dachshund, with one ruby eye and one sapphire eye, which was found in a fold of the dead man's shirt, as it may have been dropped there by his assailant."

Sandra read that sentence again. She read it a third time. Her heart had almost stopped beating the first time she read it. Then it had given a painful thump and begun to beat wildly. She jumped up and ran into the kitchen with the paper in her hand. Van Pell had just taken the frying pan containing the omelette off the stove, and had turned off the gas under the coffee pot.

He smiled at her, then stopped smiling when he saw how white her face was, how enormous her eyes were.

"What's the matter, darling?" She said, trying to control her voice: "When you went up to Scott Higgins' apartment, he was dead, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Sandra. Why?" "You didn't go in, you said. The door was unlocked. You just looked in, you said. He was lying in the middle of the room, dead."

"Exactly, Sandra. Why? What's wrong?" "You positively didn't go into that room?"

"No." "You just looked in, realized that someone had been there before you, had killed him and either found or not found the watch?"

"Yes, Sandra. He was watching her alertly. Why? What's this all about?"

"Crook," she said in a breaking voice, "you're lying. You killed him."

He stared at her. "Darling, are you crazy?"

"Read this," she said. And she held out the newspaper, indicating the sentence with her thumbnail. "I gave you that silver dachshund as a pocket charm. I bought it in Paris a year ago. One of its sapphire eyes was missing, and I thought it would be funny to have a ruby put in instead. There

(Continued on
Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

Starting Soon—MRS. CAESAR, a New Serial—By WALLACE IRWIN

(Continued from Preceding Page)

can't be the slightest question that that's the silver dashbush I gave you. And you always carried it in your right hand hip pocket, where you'd naturally carry a pistol."

She stopped. She was out of breath. Her heart was beating so frantically that it ached.

He said gravely, "Go on, Sandra."

She panted: "You must have pulled it out of your pocket somehow when you pulled out your pistol and shot him. It could have caught in a fold of your coat, and dropped on him when you were searching him for that watch."

Van Pell was smiling thinly. "Darling," he said quietly, "that's perfectly amazing reasoning."

"It's true!" she cried. "How else could it have got there? You said you didn't go into that room. You said you just looked in. You were lying. You killed him!"

He looked at her steadily, still with that faint smile. He said gently: "Darling, let's go into the other room and talk this over."

She cried: "Then you did kill him!"

He said in a tired voice: "Sandra, I want to tell you all about it."

He took her by the arm and led her into the living-room. He sat her down on a couch and seated himself beside her. She stared into his suddenly tired face with frightened, busy eyes. He seemed to come to a decision. The muscles about his mouth tightened.

He said: "It's a very strange situation. No one else in the world knows, or can ever know, that I killed him. That silver piece can't possibly be traced to me."

"How did it happen?"

He sighed heavily. "It was an accident, Sandra. I went up there to get that watch. He didn't expect me. When he opened the door, and saw me, he ran back across the room for his gun. When he picked it up, I shot him. And now it's in your hands, darling. I know how you feel. It was an accident, it wasn't premeditated. The whole situation is perfectly horrible. What shall I do? It ruins my life. It ruins everything."

"You've got to tell the police!" Sandra said. "If you don't, we're all going to be involved. Especially Storm. He was up there. He's in trouble already over the lies he had to tell to get out of Kingman. The New York Sheriff's office sent a man up to question him this evening. They know he was after Higgins. They know it was Higgins who shot at him in the short. It says here that his name may be Higgins or Modkin. You've got to tell the police."

Van Pell was shaking his head. "No, Sandra. There's very little likelihood that Storm will be blamed for this."

"Did you knock out Beretti in the hall?"

Van Pell hesitated and said, "Yes."

"He must have seen you."

"No. He was in the hall when I went upstairs. He was facing Higgins' door. He didn't turn. He didn't see me. I hit him, then knocked on the door."

"But he may die, too. This paper says he may have a fractured skull. Storm will be charged with that, too."

"Stop worrying about Storm!" Van Pell cried. The sudden violence of his tone startled her. "Why do you consider him?"

HE WAS white with anger. His mouth was thin and his eyebrows were drawn flat above his eyes. She stared at his unfamiliar face, saw it relax. He took a deep breath. He touched her hand. She snatched her hand away.

He said in a tone that was meant to be soothing: "Darling, listen to me. What I told you this afternoon still applies. I told you I would lay down my life to get this watch, this formula, for America's sake. You know how I meant it. What is a life or two compared to the thousands, the millions, that logic will save if this country should ever go on a war footing?"

Sandra did not like the expression in his eyes. This afternoon she had believed him when he had talked to her so largely of patriotism. She didn't believe him now. She might have, in time, found sufficient rationalization for him in the killing of Scott Higgins. That might have been accidental, or as he claimed, a killing committed in self defense. But his striking down of Count Beretti could not be rationalized. Certainly not on patriotic grounds, for he was now convinced that his motives were anything but patriotic.

She said passionately: "Brook, I don't believe a word of that. You've killed one man and possibly a second. And Storm will be blamed for both. There is nothing you can do but explain it to the police. You can't let an innocent person be blamed. I won't stand for it!"

Again fury flared briefly in his eyes, but when he spoke his tone was patient. "Darling, listen to me. If I were to go to the police, this watch, this formula, would be explained. You would be involved. So would my sister."

"I don't care," Sandra said recklessly. "You've got to tell them."

"And," he said quietly, "there would be other complications. International complications."

Sandra said swiftly: "How could there be? You intend to manufacture logic for this country, don't you? You said so." She stared at him wonderingly. "Or do you, Brook? Were you lying about that, too?"

"No, darling," he tried to take her hand again, and again she withdrew it from his reach. She was seeing, for the first time, with clear eyes, a man who was something much worse than a hypocrite. Not quite the first time. She had sensed something like it this afternoon in the Pelican when he had seen him, for the first time, dispassionately, as a cool, driving personality who ruthlessly got what he wanted.

"Look," he said. "If you're missing a very important point. If our positions were reversed, if for any reason you had killed a person, or two or three persons, my only thought would be to save you from detection. We are faced with a situation that countless people must have faced before us. People are murdered every day."

"The murderer may have a close friend

who knows about it, or to whom he can go and trust. I refuse to see it as a moral issue. It was an accident. If you had come to me under similar circumstances, I wouldn't become frightened and begin urging you to go to the police. I'd move heaven and earth to keep you out of it. And you know it, Sandra."

"I'm not being righteous," Sandra said calmly. "I say you must tell the police the truth so that innocent people won't be

blamed."

"If innocent people are blamed," he said quickly, "I'll promise on my honor to tell the truth."

Sandra was shaking her head. "No, Brook. It's gone too far. We're going back to New York now, and we're going straight to headquarters."

She was watching his eyes when she finished. She had never seen them so clear, so gray, so cold. She realized, first, that this man did not love her, and never had loved her. She realized, then, that she was the only person who knew and could prove that he had killed Scott Higgins. And with this went the realization that he intended to kill her.

LYNNE said, "I'm terribly sorry to wake you up, Colton,

but it may be a matter of life and death."

"Just a moment, Miss Van Pell," the butler said. "I'll slip on a robe."

Colton came out into the hall from his room a minute later, blinking his eyes sleepily against the light, hugging the blue dressing gown about his skinny figure.

"I'm not being 'righteous,'" Sandra said calmly. "I say you must tell the police the truth so that innocent people won't be

blamed."

"No, Miss Van Pell. But after you in-

quired about him he was here for a short time in the library. Then he rang for me and told me to have his roaster gassed up and the tires checked, and to have a basket packed. He wanted things for breakfast, he said—eggs, bacon, bread, coffee, butter and so on."

Lynne said hysterically: "Peter, that means only one place—his farm up in Connecticut. It's just outside Westport. Colton, how long ago did he leave?"

"About a half hour ago, Miss Van Pell. I went to bed immediately afterward."

Lynne said: "Call the garage and have them send my coupe around at once. Have them gas it and check the oil and tires. Tell them to hurry. I'll put on some clothes, Peter. I'll be down in a jiff. Wait for me downstairs."

Peter's face was white and strained, but he grinned at her and patted her hand. "Good girl," he said.

WHEN Sandra realized that she alone knew that Brook had killed Scott Higgins, and possibly killed Count Beretti, and that he intended to kill her, she jumped up from the couch. Her intention was to reach the front door before he could catch her, to get outdoors and to run as fast as she could to the nearest

"You Said You Didn't Go Into Higgins' Room," Cried Sandra, Her Face White, as She Thrust the Newspaper Under Van Pell's Eyes, "You're Lying, You Killed Him."



On March 24, an outstanding new serial, MRS. CAESAR, by Wallace Irwin, nationally-famous author, will begin in The American Weekly.

Next Sunday you'll find an entertaining short story—

FIRST COME, FIRST FOLLO

By Edwin Dial Torgerson. It's a romance about an adventurous young man who wanted to find a rare book and lost his heart. Complete in Next Sunday's issue.

By the way, readers of Mr. Torgerson's amusing story, "No Gnu is Good Gnu," which appeared in The American Weekly, December 31, will be interested to know that it has been purchased for the screen.

house, to wake up the occupants and to demand protection.

She did not reach the front door. He must have been prepared for such action. He must have arisen from the couch a split-second after she did. She was half-way to the door when his hand fell on her shoulder, and his fingers dug into her flesh so deeply that she cried out with the pain.

He said, "Sandra, what is this all about? We were discussing a very difficult and delicate situation, and we hadn't talked it out. Where were you going?"

She dropped her shoulder, to free herself of that painful grip, and slipped behind a table. Facing him over a low table lamp, with the light shining into his face, she was suddenly so frightened that she almost screamed.

Her first wild and possibly hysterical conviction that he intended to kill her, might have been imagination. But what she saw in his clear gray eyes across the table lamp was not imagination. His eyes were the eyes of a killer. She could not have explained why she was so sure of it. She had, to her knowledge, never before seen the eyes of a man intent on killing another person. It was a deadly intention, a fixed and unchangeable determination.

His face was gray, his lips were pale, but she hardly saw them. His intention was wholly centered in his eyes. The pupils were contracted to dazzling black points which caught light from the lamp and gleamed.

It ran through her thoughts in a hopeless

(Continued on Page 12)



Reconstruction
Portrait of the Wicked
Old Pirate Flood,
Found Among Old
Drawings and
Sketches.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the eighth of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little-known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on the subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

Ten fathoms down on the Dead Man's chest,
They're lying dead and wide.
They went when old Flood piped the call,
Some went wif' sighs and some wif' groans.
But a cutlass swipe soon stopped their moans.
He did pile the plate in the lowest hold,
He'd a-stored his lockers full o' gold,
And then at last to Death he rolled;
Down in the Caribbean.

(From the Bull of Captain Flood, author unknown.
Probably 18th Century.)

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN AN old Spanish house about ten miles from Saint Jago de la Vega, in Jamaica, B. W. L., my friend and companion of many treasure hunts, H. P., and I had heard there was a mysterious chest.

The house had been the residence of a hidalgo of the Old Colonial days. He seemed to have been corregidor in the service of the old Spanish captain-general. The house was built like a fort with walls three feet thick and loopholed for muskets. The miasma of decay permeated the desolate ruin. The grounds were overgrown with trees, and owls, bats, tarantulas and lizards retreated before us. None of the natives from neighboring plantations would approach; they said the old house was haunted.

That may explain why we found an old battered iron box in a downstairs room where it had lain undisturbed for over two hundred years. It was caked with rust and even moss grew from it. H. P. immediately got to work scraping the accumulations of age from its top. I sat in the embrasure of one of the windows and watched.

For more than an hour he struggled with the hump, barking his knuckles and swearing in a manner that would have called forth admiration from the pirates themselves. At last his tools bit into

the corroded metal and with an effort he swung up the heavy lid.

We peered in at a collection of papers and parchments. Carefully lifting them out for future study we stared at an object in the bottom of the coffre-fort. It was a small silver casket carved like a Renaissance jewel box. We found in it a stiff, brown parchment, mouldy and stinking—but legible.

Drawn in faded black and red ink was the map of an island. The directions written on it were curiously phonetic, the lettering quaint. The drawing was of a bay shaped like a crescent. The entrance was by a narrow passage through a coral reef, giving to a wide beach. In the background a wall of cliffs framed the shore, and in the center of the crescent a brook entered the bay. On the bottom of the chart were the words:

"Eyespanyoler, in ye yeere 1710.

J. C. Qr. Mr."

Around the margin ran this fascinating legend: "Goe a score and fyve yards nor'west above hyghye watter marke, from marked bolder on left syde of horned reefe of corall as youe goe in. Behind this reefe of corall and sand are places ware turtles lay thur egges. Thense, 50 feet N, by 8 feet W, on second marked bolder. 20 feet NE, on coco palm. Fyve feet by fower feet by fyve. Loke for a baite shaped lyke halfe Moone, offe ye Moner passidge."

The chart appeared to be genuine, and we made up our minds to have a go at finding the treasure. I dug up 17th and 18th Century charts of Hispaniola (Haiti-San Domingo) and my friend, Mr. Frank Crundall, controller of the Jamaica Library, gave me much assistance. But nowhere could we find the "halfe Moone baite."

The only thing to do was to take a trip to San Domingo, and explore all likely creeks and islands off the Mona Passage.

One magnificent day at the beginning of the dry season we boarded a commercial airmar at Kingston and soared over the translucent Caribbean, above the Tortugas, like gems beneath us, above the terrible Citadel of Henri Christophe, to Ciudad Trujillo.

In 1930 the ancient town had been shattered by a tremendous earthquake, and we hoped that the upheaval might have brought some interesting relics to light. We rambled all over the town with but little result. In the cathedral wall we found a cannon ball fired by the dresaded El Draco (Sir Francis Drake). A sacristan showed us a place, under the archbishop's chair, where, in 1877, they found the hidden vault which contained the remains of the great Cristoval Colon.

Old Spanish tombs with their sonorous inscriptions intrigued me. There was one which, to men gambling with fortune, had an ominous note:

An Early Drawing
Purporting to Be
the Blowing Up of
Flood's Pirate Ship,
"La Moustique."



"I have ended my course. Hope and Fortune remain and seek others to mock!"

A more elaborate tombstone bore the legend: "This tomb belongs to Senor Don Francisco de Almansa, canon of this Holy, Principal Church, and Commissioner of the Holy Inquisition, and to his heirs."

About the richly carved marble was a sinister aura of decayed sweetness.

We found nothing in the cathedral that would help us in our search, and took to dropping in the dockside bodegas (taverns) and chatting with the stevedores and fishermen. They tapped up our drinks with absent-minded promptness, but to all our carefully worded questions mumbled: "Quien sabe?" ("Who knows?")

An American suggested we explore Samana Bay on the north coast of San Domingo. I remembered a letter of old Rear-Admiral Benbow written in 1699 while he was commanding the Doncaster, in which he wrote:

"This day I sailed from hence, tho' with regret, for Jamaica, thinking to look into the Bay of Samana, also St. Domingo: here are a great many pirates on the coast, and so much cover, it's very hard to come at them, in the woods on the shore."

We hired a boat to explore the bay. It is hemmed in by towering red cliffs and numerous small islands dot its clear, green water. Overlooking the bay are the crumbling ruins of an ancient Spanish fort, almost smothered under masses of brilliant green verdure dotted with frail, scarlet hibiscus blossoms.

There are many caves in the cliffs tunnelling for hundreds of yards underground. In them lived pirates in the late 17th and early 18th Centuries. There they hid their booty, digging stealthily while they peered over their shoulders to see if a comrade sought to betray them.

It was a sweltering day and the sun bounced back from the sparkling waves until we were dazzled. We rested, sucking cool green coconuts which our Negro boatman brought from graceful, swaying palms.

Millions of sea birds swung about the cliffs, their desolate mewings emphasizing the deathly quiet of the place. We rowed across the bay as far as Punta Yaca through narrow openings over coral reefs whose needle-sharp teeth threatened to rip the keel planks from our boat. We were some distance from land when behind us there was a roar like the explosion of a mine.

"What the devil's that?" demanded H. P. Suddenly from a hole in the red cliff a white cloud-like smoke spouted and rose in the air like

a geyser. I thought it was a volcanic eruption.

"No, caballeros," grinned the boatman. "Not ees volcan. Ees bomba marina, bomba marina (a sea bomb), caballeros."

The water spout was caused by tide water rushing with terrific force into a submarine cave, striving through the labyrinthine holes of the cliff until it exploded from another orifice. We hesitated to explore Samana any more and searched the coast for three days, but in vain. So we hired accommodation in a coastal sloot from Santa Barbara, around the Cabo Engano, a beautiful sail.

We followed the coast through the Mona Passage, the great seaway for all Caribbean liners. Many a pirate came to grief in this channel when a warship sailed across his bows, and many merchantmen disappeared without trace, the crews plundered and murdered by the deadly buccaners who frequented these shores.

Incidentally it was at this spot that the name "buccaneer" was first heard.

Clarke Russell in his "Life of William Dampier," published in 1889, says:

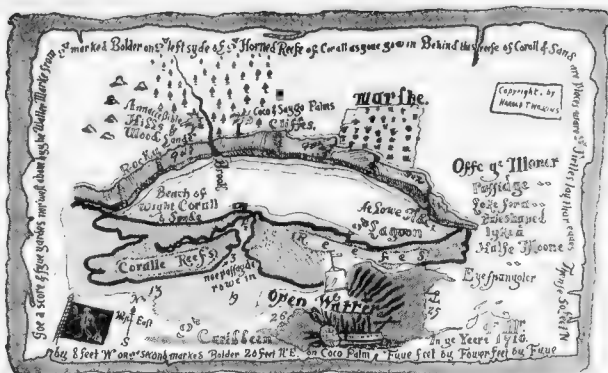
"In or about the middle of the 17th Century the island of San Domingo, or Hispaniola, as it was called, was haunted and overrun by a singular community of savage, ugly, fierce and filthy men. They were chiefly composed of French colonists whose ranks had from time to time been enlarged by liberal contributions from the slums and alleys of more than one European city or town."

"These people went dressed in shirts and pantalons of coarse linen, which they steeped in the blood of the animals they slaughtered. They wore round caps, boots of hogskin drawn over their naked feet, and belts of rawhide, in which they stuck their sabres and knives. They also armed themselves with firelocks, which threw a couple of balls each weighing two ounces."

"The places where they dried and salted their meat were called bucanes, and from this term they came to be styled bucaniers, or buccaneers, as we spell it. They were hunters by trade, and savages in their habits. They chased and slaughtered horned cattle and trafficked with the flesh, and their favorite food was raw marrow from the bones of the beasts they shot. They ate and slept on the ground, their table was a stone, their bolsters the trunk of a tree and their roof the hot and sparkling heavens of the Antilles."

Trail Pirates

Main With
for Pieces-
wels and All
oger's Black
Most Famous
re



The Treasure Map That Led Explorer Wilkins to the Flood Hoard. There is Evidence, He Writes, That It Was Made by James Caesar, Flood's Mate and Quartermaster, Whom Flood Thought He Had Killed on the Island, But Who Lived to Kill Flood. Copyright by Harold T. Wilkins.



Buccaneer of Hispaniola, as San Domingo Was called; These Men-Curers Were Driven Desperate by the Cruelties of the Spaniards and Became the Pirates. From a Print in the "History of the Buccaneers"—First Edition of 1744.

The Spaniards, jealous of anyone beside themselves having a foothold in America, decided to get rid of the—so far—harmless buccaneers. They drove them out of Hispaniola, and to make sure they would not return killed off all the wild cattle. This was a serious mistake, for these half-savage men had to look for some other means of existence. They joined the freebooters and began the great period of piracy which was the cause of the destruction of Spanish power in the West Indies.

The shipper of the coaster pointed out the Rio Higway where Captain Kidd had moored the Quagdag Merchant before he sailed for New York, and eventually Execution Dock, in the sloop Antonio. Later we slid under the lee of Savona Island three leagues from which is Santa Catarina Island.

It was off a lonely creek, west of Santa Catarina that we found clues to the mysterious "half Moore baie." As I propose to make another trip there, I will only say that the bay is located somewhere between Santa Catarina and the Bahis de Yumbas.

We hired a Negro fisherman to put us ashore on the sweeping crescent of coral sand in the bay. He was not keen on the job; the place was shunned by natives who swore it was haunted. He said that some Negroes, close inshore one morning, saw on the beach a queer-looking man in outlandish dress. He beckoned them to land, but they saw his eyes, black and cold, and hesitated. He beckoned them to follow him up the beach. Then seemed to vanish.

"Well, I'll be damned," exploded H. P. when he heard this. "I've been dreaming of a chap like that night after night."

Our boatman's eyes stuck out like organ stops and he began to shake.



Curious Old Engraving Found by Mr. Wilkins of Turtle Gatherers, and in Which Were Some of the Clues to Flood's Treasure.

But we persuaded the fisherman to land us, and no sooner did we step out of his boat than he backed water hastily and rested on his oars a good two hundred yards out near the opening in the reef.

We gazed across the wide beach hemmed in by coral reefs.

It was high tide. Overhead the sun burned like a bolt of incandescent flame, and the sky was fathomless blue, unstained by the smallest cloud. Outside the reef the Caribbean crashed on the coral in regular diapason. There was not a moving thing except ourselves and the boatman, a small, black blot in the brilliant green, blue and amethyst of the bay.

We shouldered picks, spades. H. P. patted his pocket where reposed a compass. I carried measuring rod and line, a number of sharpened sticks and, optimistically, a bucket to hold the treasure in. Close to the eastern horn we found the first boulder, drilled. Making allowance for magnetic variation we set our course and measured off the ground. At the first twenty-five-yard mark we drove a sharpened stick, and, as we did so turned up a nest of five turtle eggs. Then we moved fifty feet N. and 8 feet W. Here we came upon a second boulder buried in the sand, also drilled.

From that boulder we measured 20 feet N. E. which brought us to the mouth of a little brook, splashing over white and colored pebbles out of a green arcade of brilliant trees and bushes ablaze with blossoms. The "coco palm" of the chart had vanished. Caribbean hurricanes, natural decay, insects could account for that. But there were enough were gray and almost petrified roots that might have been those of a palm.

H. P. now drew out his "dowsing," or divining rod.

"If there's anything here, this'll find it," he declared. Slowly quartering the ground, he cast around gradually widening the circles he paced about the palm roots. Suddenly, his rod violently dipped downward.

"Here it is," he roared. I drove in a stake. We plunged our picks in the earth, digging like demons. Sand flew until the hole was surrounded by a respectable heap.

"Hi! What's this?" H. P. danced in the hole, brushing dirt from something. It was a bit of rotted wood.

"I'll swear that's black oak," he said slowly. Frantically we spaded up a layer of the stuff, rotted and soft with age. Insects fastened on us, but we didn't even notice their stings. Below the wood we found a layer of compact brown fiber. Probably coconut husk put there to keep water from whatever was below. We ripped that fiber out like madmen and my pick drove deep into the earth and jarred on something that made me howl

with the sudden unexpectedness of the shock. "It's iron," I gasped as soon as my teeth went off edge.

"Now careful, careful. Must go steady," soothed H. P., who was shaking like a leaf.

Delicately we enlarged the hole until we had cleared the top of a chest, banded with iron.

"Got it!" he howled. Then his smile faded. "Look!"

The sand around the box was filling with water. "Quick, get it out!"

We jumped into the hole and gripped iron loop handles in the top of the chest. We jerked madly. Something gave way beneath our feet. The top of the chest came away, the sides seemed to cave in like a concertina; water welled up in a strong flood. We barely had time to scramble out of the excavation when a great hole gaped at our feet; the chest crashed into utter blackness and disappeared.

We stood like fools, the lid of the chest in our hands; the rest of the chest and its contents dropped into some subterranean cave. We dropped a plummet and line in the hole and found no bottom at two hundred and fifty feet.

"Oh, well," said H. P. "It's the luck of the game, I suppose. Have some rum." He held out

"Caesar Snatched His Knife and Reached Down for the Terrified Captain Flood, Who Was Hanging on to the Treasure Chest. Flood Gave a Convulsive Bound and Gripped Caesar About One Ankle. There Was a Wild Tussle as the Two Men, Locked Together, Went Flashing Down the Precipice. After Them the Great Chest Fell, Crashed on the Ledge and Burst Open, and Gold Cups, Coins and Jewels Danced in the Surf Until the Cleansing Sea Came In and Covered the Broken Bodies and the Treasure."

(Continued on Page 15)



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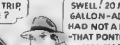
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SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

(Continued from Page 12)

had thrown at him. She saw him strike Peter in the chest, and the force of the blow sent Peter staggering back eight or ten feet against a table which overturned as Peter pushed against it and threw himself with swinging fists at Peter again. And then Sandra was aware that Peter was not alone.

Lynne had crawled through the broken window, with a pale and grim. She was reaching into her open pocketbook.

She took out a pistol aimed it and aimed it at the two men. Her hand holding the pistol was shaking. Then the determination seemed to run out of her.

Her hand, still shaking so that the pistol muzzle danced from side to side, came slowly down. She squeezed her eyes shut and compressed her lips in a tortured grimace.

The two men were still fighting. They were locked together now, Sandra had a glimpse of Brook Van Pell's face, his eyes over Peter's wide shoulders. His lower lip was sagging and his eyes were a gray haze of murder.

He pushed Peter away, and as he did so, he was quivering down for the heavy black fire-tongs. Sandra saw his foot shoot out, then the quick movement of his left hand. He tripped Peter and Peter, trying to regain his balance, fell to the floor with such force that he was momentarily stunned.

He half lay against a table helplessly, and on his face was the empty look Sandra had seen on

Sandra Thinks of Peter as She Fights for Her Life With the Man Who Pretended to Love Her

the faces of fighters who are kneeling down.

Then Brook Van Pell started toward him in the same slow, determined, remorseless way that had frightened her so when he had pursued her. The heavy fire-tongs were crimped tightly in his right hand, and he slowly raised them. You had to do that, Sandra thought. Then she covered her face with her hands for it suddenly felt full of icy-hot needles.

Sandra screamed. Brook looked at her. He heard her he said, "The highest heels!"

Sandra snatched the pistol from Lynne's limp hand. She raised it until Brook Van Pell's dark handsome head was covered in the night. She pulled the trigger once as Lynne put her arms over her eyes.

Brook Van Pell suddenly fell to the floor and rolled over. And Lynne was saying, in her husky voice, "You had to do that, Sandra. I tried to. I couldn't."

Sandra saw the pistol on the floor. She knew what she had done. She had not known she had dropped it. She said dully, "He was going to kill Peter."

She had not seen Peter get up off the floor. He was standing close beside her, with his arm about her shoulder. "Sandy, are you all right?"

She looked at him a moment, still finding it hard to believe that he had not been struck by

the tongue, and said: "Thanks, Sweet, I'm all right."

Then she fell into a chair. But she didn't faint.

Peter knelt beside the long, still man on the floor. Lynne said calmly: "Dead."

Yes. "There wasn't any other way," Peter knelt beside the long, still man on the floor. Lynne said calmly: "Dead."

Then she covered her face with her hands for it suddenly felt full of icy-hot needles.

Peter had the watch in his hand. He was looking at it and shaking his head. Sandra was going to come over and take her in his arms and say, "There's been enough of this nonsense," but he didn't.

He was looking at her and his hand had never seen such sadness in his eyes. She knew what was in his mind. He thought she was shattered because she had had to kill the man she loved.

She said steadily: "Peter, I'm not sorry I killed him. I know he was trying to kill me."

He was looking at her and his hand had never seen such sadness in his eyes. She knew what was in his mind. He thought she was shattered because she had had to kill the man she loved.

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was all over. The nightmarish things remained, but Peter's presence his firm way of handling things were restorative.

He said gently: "Sandra, I'm sorry I said that."

Maybe," she said, "it's too late. I've said it over and over."

This scandal," Lynne said, "will take an awful lot of getting over."

You don't understand it, Sandra said. He has an idea of what it's like. I've said it over and over."

Peter said, with a hint of anger: "Stop being funny. I'll telephone the police. Lynne, you can't leave, after all."

If you did there would be no way of explaining how I got here."

Lynne nodded. "I saw it all. I'll make a good witness. You

can say you shot him, and I'll swear to that."

To Sandra their voices were suddenly like voices in a large auditorium. A door opened, and a woman came in. She wanted to go outdoors and run down the road. She wanted to get out by herself and cry. But mostly she wanted to take her life in her arms and run for her life.

But Peter was steady as a cart. And she realized why. He believed she was shattered. It came the man she loved had traveled her. He was reconciled to the countless number of things she had said, all adding up to one, how she killed him.

If she told him how she felt about him, he wouldn't like it. He would think she was lying from the times of her men in the arms of another, and his situation would remain the same.

Peter was telephoning the State Police. Lynne was smoking a cigarette, calmly looking about the room at the things Sandra had thrown at the broke.

And Sandra was realizing that to convince this man that she loved him, and that Brook was

the book-end.

(Continued on Page 18)

HOW TO ELEANSE AND SOOTHE TIRED STRAINED EYES

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SOOTHS—CLEANSES—REFRESHES

THIS, as other issues of THE ELEANOR WHEELER, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Tales From King Arthur's Court

(Continued from Front Page)

over to the meadow."

"Where's the meadow?" said Pellinore.

The man raised his arm to point. "You go to a fair place straight ahead then turn to the right."

When Pellinore came to the meadow the knights were slaying and the blood was streaking their armor with red and the lady was sitting under the hedge looking pleased.

"I'll fight you both, one at a time," cried Pellinore, and they left their battle to see who it was, and by the pattern of his helmet Pellinore knew the knight who had torn the lady from Arthur's table, so he raised his sword and split his skull.

"Now you next," said he to the other.

"I believe I shan't fight any more this morning," said the other. "It's violent exercise and I need my strength for the journey."

Then Pellinore helped the lady into her saddle and they rode toward Camelot. He thought he a trifle less beautiful than she seemed before.

"How can I thank you?" said she.

"Don't," said he. "But I'd like to," said she. "I'd rather you didn't," said he. After a while she smiled at him, as though sharing a pleasant thought. "That makes two rescues in one day."

Pellinore stuck his spur into his horse, to avoid answering. "I haven't heard your name," said the lady.

"It's rarely mentioned," said he.

"What is it?"

"Pellinore."

"You don't know mine," said she.

"No," said he. "I am Nimue, one of the Ladies of the Lake."

He spurred his horse again. "Don't ride so fast," said she.

"There's a soft spot of grass, and I want to get down and rest."

"You'll make us late," said he. Then they dismounted, and she stretched herself on the grass, and he propped himself on his elbow, chewing a green blade.

Then he saw she was still wide awake, with her eyes on him. "Didn't you say you wanted to rest?"

"I did not."

Then he saw that she was untruthful, and they mounted their horses and came to Camelot.

"That woman," said Merlin, "will be my undoing."

"Don't you think," said Arthur, "you're too old?"

"Old enough to be her grandfather," said Merlin. "I see what's going to happen."

"If you know it in advance," said Arthur, "you can take precautions."

"So you think," said Merlin. "Thereafter it came true, as he said and Nimue spent much time with him, but with such a manner as though she were resigned."

"Now, you're a wise man," said he. "Why do none at Camelot seek my company but only you?"

"For reply he asked for her love, and she, changing the subject, said she wished the king's magic, and he said the simplest experiment for a beginner was with rocks, like the one sticking out of the Camelot lawn. So he taught her the enchantment for raising and lowering rocks, and having raised it, she asked, "Do you see my handkerchief anywhere?"

And while he was looking she lowered the rock on top of him and went her ways.

Then Arthur, with grief in his voice, told Guinevere what had happened, and she listened as though she knew it in advance.

"Yet," said he, "Merlin was the wisest of us all."

"That may well be," said his wife.

Next week Mr. Erskine will relate the tale of how Sir Lancelot slew Sir Aggravaine.

Who Merlin Was

MERLIN'S birth and parentage are doubtful, according to the many old legends in which he figured.

In one, he is known as Ambrosius, a boy without mortal parents, who interprets an omen for the British king Vortigern and helps him rout the enemy Saxons.

In another old story he is the son of the devil and helps Uther, Arthur's father, move the great stones to Stonehenge, England, from Naas in Ireland. When Arthur was a lad Uther made Merlin his tutor and, later on, Merlin helped Arthur defeat his foes by magic.

Shakespeare mentions Merlin in the Arthurian legends. Nimue is the one who gave the sword to Arthur and is killed by him, one of the knights. Later on, she reappears and rescues Arthur from peril. She mar-

ries Pellinore and Merlin falls in love with her. She invests him under a rock as Sir Erskine relates. She is also one of the three queens in the ship in which Arthur is borne away after a battle.

According to one authority, Nimue is merely one aspect of the mythical figure, Morgan, the Lady of the Lake who appears also as Morgan Le Fay, Arthur's sister. At one time she is benevolent as Nimue at another malicious as Morgan. She is also spoken of as Vivien, but this mistake was made by early copyists of the old tales.

Tommyson wrote of Merlin and Vivien in his "Tales of the King" although he preferred the version that Vivien lured Merlin to take refuge from a storm in an old oak tree and left him there spellbound.

Shakespeare mentions Merlin in "King Lear" and in "Henry IV" and the general opinion is that Merlin was perhaps a god of ancient British mythology, especially worshipped at Stone-

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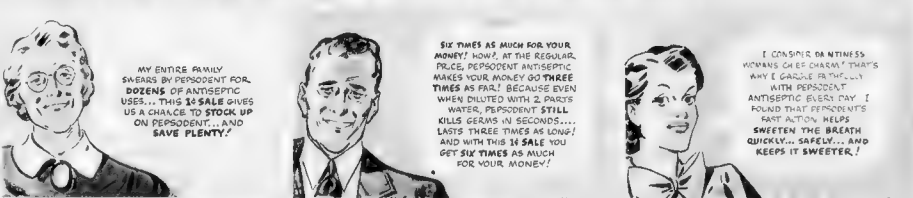
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"Arizona Bill's" Best Stories of the Old Wild West

ARIZONA BILL, daredevil pioneer of the old Wild West, has just died at San Antonio, Texas, at the age of 96. He was the most remarkable survivor of the old heroic Wild West—of the days of raiding Indians, bandits, stage robbers, buffalo, trappers and all the dead and gone life of those romantic times.

Stolen from his parents' covered wagon when a year old by Comanches, he lived as an Indian in the camps of the redskins until at the age of fifteen he was rescued by soldiers.

Bill spent his early life as army scout, Pony Express rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Ranger, cowboy and ranchman. He knew the notorious two-gun bad men, the desperate gamblers, the stagecoach and train robbers, the famous dead-shot sheriffs and marshals of Tombstone, Deadwood, Butte, and other wild open towns. He was a member of many sheriffs' posses and "necktie parties."

Arizona Bill told the exciting story of his life in *The American Weekly* three years ago. Now that the old hero has gone, here are some of the best of his stories.

AS TOLD BY "ARIZONA BILL"

I WAS only a year old when an Indian stock his head inside my father's covered wagon. My father and mother had started across the plains with a wagon train of pioneers to seek fortune for themselves in the Far West. But while father and mother were off on their horses to get some buffalo meat, our wagon got separated and was left behind and a roving band of Indians came up to see what they could kill or steal.

When the Comanche scout peered into the wagon that day and saw a one-eyed-old white baby, he must have had every intention of doing his duty to his race, by lapping me with a tomahawk on the skull.

But he saw that the skull was covered with as bright a covering of red hair as ever came West and that stopped him. I understand Indians at that Comanche never had red hair but some of their gods did. I was a curiosity to him, with a touch of the divine, so instead of being killed, I was carried to the Comanche camp. There I was adopted as an Indian paragon, soon forgot my parents and became a real Indian in most everything but my skin and hair.

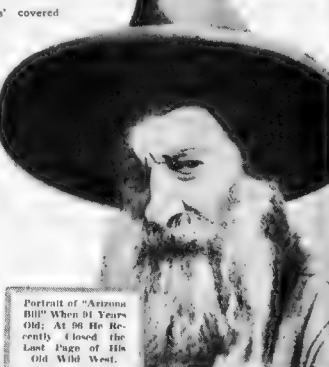
My tribe massacred as many as 600 in a year and nobody in my hearing had ever said that there was anything wrong about it. The poor palefaces, "murdered" on the ground must have wound red at seeing a little, red-haired white child looking from one to another, according to the reverence the Indians put on them. They were brave, pioneer men, not to their way to California and unknown parts of the West in their covered wagons, just like my own father. The soldier who happened to have come up with that hard-bitten Denver expedition.

Spread-eagle Comanche style, meant throwing the prisoner in his back with arms and legs outstretched and holding him that way until he could be nailed to the ground by long, sharp stakes driven through his hands and feet. This hold the Indians used for a handy position for the redskins. Some that I saw were too stupid to write, although they seemed all right to me at the time.

The Indian pretense to hold a lone captive of women and never lets the squaws have any say in important matters. But I noticed that women of strong character made their influence felt. The Indian ordinarily never thinks of scalping a woman he has conquered in battle, keeping that honor for the braves. But there was a Pawnee woman who fought so like a tiger against the Sioux that they showed their respect and approval by scalping



Horse Thieves Met Quark Death in "Arizona Bill's" Days and the Picture Above in a Contemporary Print of the capture of a Couple of Thieves by a Sheriff's Posse. Culver Service.



Portrait of "Arizona Bill" When 91 Years Old. At 96 He Recently Closed the Last Page of His Old Wild West.



The Horde Conquers Home of Virginia, Mont. Where "Arizona Bill" Had Many Experiences.

her. After this and all sorts of ill-treatment she refused to die, so they buried her to her neck in sand for three days. Finding her still alive, they dug her up and gave her something useful to do in the tribe. I reckon they figured there must be something supernatural about her to live through all that and they'd better quit trying to kill her for fear the Evil Spirits might bring a curse on them.

She got well and after a while accepted to her own people.

Wild Bill Hickock was the quickest on the draw and the surest shot I ever knew. When he was stopping the McCandless boys from stealing his horse he barraged himself in a leg but without wounds.

When Bill refused to come out and be shot at the open, the gang picked up a log and using it as a battering ram, soon broke in the door of the digout. Jim McCandless, with a Colt in each hand, jumped through the opening. It was no time for fancy head-shooting so Lull drilled him through the heart with a rifle. A rifle is a slimmer weapon at close range, so Bill had thoughtfully used it for that first shot and then dropped it for his stock-stops.



This Is How an Artist of the Time (Who Happened to Be On the Stagecoach) Afterward Portrayed a Robbery by Road Agents Near Leadville, Col., in September, 1882. Culver Service.

last, one of the gang hit Bill with a thumb on the head with a pistol butt that it fractured his skull and knocked him flat on his back across the table. At that very minute Jack McCandless threw himself on the fallen man and raising his knife high started to drive it through Bill's heart.

I know it is hard to believe that anyone could be thoughtful and saving at such a time. But Bill had been saving one last cartridge for a tight pinch, which this moment certainly was and now he let McCandless have it through the heart. Bill told me this himself.

With diving hand Jack struck heaven and death prevented him from changing his aim when Bill wriggled out from under it. The knife stuck in the table top. But Bill was just beginning to fight. He snatched the knife with the hand that had now dropped the second empty revolver, up he jumped with a knife in each hand and about this time began "wail like a bear with a death wound" like he told me.

A minute later and the dead on the floor had grown to six and Bill, spurring blood in a dozen places and with a flap of bloody scalp hanging down almost over his eyes, seemed to be getting stronger every minute. Of the four that were left, two were badly wounded, and they started to run with full after them. The two unwounded men reached their horses and got away. One of the wounded managed also to get away, but died of his wounds the next day. The other ran down the hill to a tree where he started to reload his gun. Just at this moment Bill's horse returned from a day's hunting trip and was so startled by what he saw that he could only stand still and gasp. Bill matched the helper's gun, ran down the hill, killed the wounded rider who was reloading his gun and collapsed.

Bill the Kid was the wickedest and most daring gunman in my personal experience. His criminal career lasted from the time he was so started by what he saw that he could only stand still and gasp. Bill matched the helper's gun, ran down the hill, killed the wounded rider who was reloading his gun and collapsed.

One of the clues he found was the following, written with the lead of a bullet on the wall of a shack he slept in one night. "There are twenty-one men I have put bullet through: And Sheriff Pat Garrett shall make twenty-two."

But a woman betrayed Billy's last hide-out and the sheriff was soon on his trail. A cocked revolver in one hand and a knife in the other, and in his stocking feet, Billy sneaked at night into the house where Sheriff Garrett happened to be watching. The sheriff had an idea that the bandit would do that very thing and, as the shadow crept toward the only lighted room, Garrett's gun roared from the darkness and Billy the Kid's career was over. Strangely enough, he had not died with his boots on, as everybody figured he sure would.

An old friend of mine, Judge Roy Bean, kept a saloon and courthouse at Langtry, Tex., and hung out a sign marked "The Law West of the Pecos." A young lawyer from El Paso used to insist on juries and know how to work on their sympathies so well that most always his clients were found not guilty. This made Beans sore, so the next time the lawyer appeared in court the Judge asked sternly:

"Have you got your credentials to practice law?"

"Why of course," answered the lawyer, who had not expected such a question in this free-and-easy court, "but they are in El Paso." "If you haven't your credentials, you can't practice in my court," ruled Judge Bean. When the lawyer argued, he was fined for contempt of court, and when he refused to pay, Judge Bean ordered him chained to a tree outside the saloon where all day he sweated in the hot sun, while Judge Bean drank cool beer on the porch. Nobody brought the lawyer any because the Judge made a ruling that anyone who did so would also be in contempt and receive the same sentence. Late in the afternoon a friend of the lawyer came along and persuaded Bean to let the prisoner go. He never tried to practice in that court again.

The old-time frontier gunman had a streak of decency in them, as this story of my old acquaintance

The Last of the Daredevil Pioneers Joins the Rest of His Friends and Enemies of a Vanished Era, But Leaves Behind Some Vivid Memories of Our Per-haps Most Heroic Days

Black Jack Keelham, proves "I haven't got no gun," said Jack. "This will be your last chance to use it."

"I haven't got no gun," said the wretch. "And I haven't no money to buy one with."

"Well take this and get one," and Jack, handing him a twenty-dollar bill, "and get yourself a bottle of whiskey and you better look in at the undertaker's and pick out your coffin."

The miner looked gloomily at the money and answered:

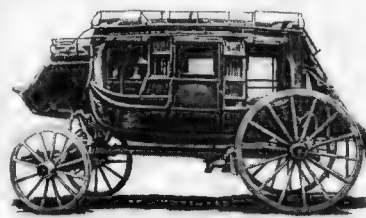
"Say, Jack, can't we put off this shooting party until some other time? I want to go to my little daughter's christening in the morning."

"Oh damn it, I can't kill a man who wants to go to his little daughter's christening," growled Jack. "Get out of here." And he let the man go, money and all.

It was some time after the last of the Apache Indian wars that my brother Charlie and I had a ranch in the Basin Country in Arizona. We were aiming at an early roundup and got word that a bunch of cattle rustlers had been raiding our herd and some others, including the old G. Bar Ranch. This riled us up quite considerably because we had worked hard and had a pretty good sized herd of cows. Charlie and I took along a cowboy whose name was Picketwire Johnson and we started to round up the cattle rustlers, instead of rounding up our herd.

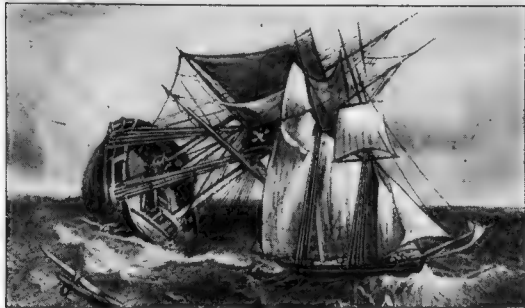
As we were sitting down to breakfast a lone rider from the X W Ranch rode in and said they were rustling cattle over in the

(Continued on Page 16)



The Famous Old Benson-Tombstone Stagecoach That Held the Record for Robberies in the Old Days. Photograph by N. H. Rose.

TALES OF THE OLD BUCCANEERS



A Gra, the Old Print Showing a Low Black Pirate Ship, With Skull and Crossbones Flying, Standing Away From a Ribby-Ivorn Bulwark, Loaded and Seafilled by the Buccaneers.

(Continued from Double Page)

the bottle. "I say, what's this?" There were three small, coral objects stuck under the chest lid and something creaked with mud and shell that looked like the head of a bird. The three objects proved to be pieces of coral.

The first was minted at Mexico City in the reign of Philip II some years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It bore the arms of Castile; the lion and Moorish Castle. The second was struck at Lima Peru, in 1700 the third a peso of 1872, from the old Colonial Spanish mint of Potosi. The other object proved after careful cleaning to be the cross of a silver crucifix gemmed with diamonds.

We had, in all probability just a fortune!

We decided that the pirate had carefully arranged his cache above the roof of a subterranean passage which communicated with the sea.

Soberly we wandered back to the boat. The Negro, evidently relieved to find us safe, chattered volubly of pirates and freebooters. Back in his cabin that night, he told us a fine yarn of piracy, murder, treachery and loot connected with "Bate Moore base."

From the traditional lore of the region, collected at the price of several bottles of rum from the Negro, I judge that the maker of our chart was one James Caesar, Rhode Islander, sometime quartermaster and mate under the mysterious but gory pirate Flood.

FLOOD was the Avery of the Caribbean and nearly as notorious between 1700 and 1720. He was a native of Jamaica or if he was not born there he had come as an intimate as those of Blackbeard, Dampier or Steve Bonnet.

Flood planned his most daring exploit when he heard the news that Monsieur d'Orville, the new governor of the French island of Hispaniola, was expecting the arrival from Nantes of a brand new thirty-gun first-rate, with excellent armament of swivels and grapt guns! Flood determined that one night he would pass the boom, get into the harbor under the forts and cut her out!

"I'll have the best ship-of-war as ever fell to the lot of admiral of buccaners!" he vowed.

Her name was Le Revenant but Flood swore that she should be La Mousetique, and soon.

Then one still, moonless night two boats put off from Flood's sloop, the Shark, and rowed with muffled oars towards the harbor under command of the daring, barely Rhode Island sailor, James Caesar. As soon as they rounded the point they made out, looming in the darkness, the hull of the fine French frigate, her towering masts, putting well above the buildings on the quay.

Caesar silently drew himself to the level of the bulwarks and peeped along the silent deck. Aft at the break of the poop, a sentry, his firelock beside him, sprawled on the poop stairs, moving to the starboard side. There was not another soul in sight.

Warp her along to the fore-chains, whispered Caesar, and stole towards the sleeping man. He could hear stealthy movement behind him as he drew a

short ponard, agonized from a Spaniard. A short, sword slash brought an agonized gasp from the center and as Caesar's hairy palm clamped over his mouth he died.

The hatches were made fast and two men flitted like ghosts to cast off the four main lifts from the bolinas ashore.

A light breeze filled the sails and she ghosted away from the steering town like the "Flying Dutchman." There was never a challenge from the fort on the hill and the pirates stood breathless with suspense until they were clear of the head and sighted the spark of the Shark's running light. Down came and found them far out to sea!

Below, there, belovéd Caesar, throwing back the hatch and on by one sleepy sailor stumbled on deck to look around this was a long way to find the ship at sea then fearfully at the vision of belovéd pistols held by grinning pirates.

Capt. Flood, impressing chuckled Caesar. "For the ship-of-war, La Mousetique. Who's for a life of ease, a pocket full of diamonds and a gal on every forenoon?"

Half the crew agreed, not trooped forward with the pirate to drink and boast in the bows. Others led by the boatwain refused.

Flood clambering aboard swaggered forward, buttons flashing in his coat, a belovéd flasher cooled jauntily from his hat. His dark face above the soiled lace ruffles at his throat loomed at the defiant handful of men.

"Cap'n Flood," said Caesar. "He's a old man, brave 'n' too I vote we take 'em ashore!"

"Aye, we'll put 'em ashore!" bellowed Flood. "Let 'em wait the shark's home!"

"They goes ashore at Thuron Bay," said Caesar flatly.

Flood's little eyes aperted murder for a moment and his filthy hand, ablaze with diamonds, stole to his naked cut-throat at his side. He glanced forward and saw the pirate crew slowly walking towards him. He knew that the men, dark scoundrels of England, Holland, France, the Americas, fugitives from slavery, galleys and press gangs, liked Caesar. Liked him for his diamond-flecked harsh courage, his ridiculous glee, his honesty in the matter of "it"ing.

"Right you be, Caesar," he purred. "I'll see ashore at Thuron, they can get back from there."

To their relief the howl grew, were put ashore unharmed and the Mousetique and Shark sneered off into the blue Caribbean.

"You be capt'n of the Shark, Caesar lad," said Flood jovially. "I'm admiral of the fleet, and the Mousetique's my flagship."

So they sailed, the Shark at five yards ahead, the Mousetique coming up after the quarry was dismasted or surrendered.

No more purchases in these waters," boasted Flood, one night. "Let's reverse the Atlantic for the Northeast Trade. There'll be fair pickings there, 'Til wagner."

They navigated the Windward Passage and their ships ploughed the great gray rollers of the Atlantic.

An Indianman rolled up off the horizon, her masts hidden in a royal press of canvas.

"Stein also," ordered Caesar. "Well, cross her bows and make her fore an aft!"

An ensign broke out from the Indianman.

"She's a Britisher," "Aye, show her the same colors!"

The British crew flapped from the Shark's masthead and she stole across the Indianman's course. They eyed the black gun-ports in her sides and the sun glinted on a long brass bow-chaser above her bowsprit.

"Sooty, boy," warned Caesar. "Wait 'til ye can see the three masts in a line, then fire at 'em."

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the Indianman and a broadside crashed into the Shark's low bulwarks.

"Look out!" roared Caesar. "The mast!"

Staggered there was a puff of smoke from the Indianman and a broadside crashed into the Shark's low bulwarks.

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New rates from the toppling of masts and the trangle of rigging and sails crashed overhead hull after hull and putting five guns out of action.

Where's the Mousetique? "belovéd one pirate. "What's she swimmin' for?"

Caesar glanced astern. The Mousetique was cutting out of gun-shot.

"Banned coward," he gasped. "Signal him to come in!"

But the Mousetique showed away, firing from a long gun in her stern. The Indianman was cutting out of sight of the Mousetique. Caesar frantically ordered his gunners to load the colors aboard her cheering as she tore away in the northwest. He looked about him. The sea was breaking over the low rail and the wind was as dead. Pirates screaming with pain crowded about the shattered mainmast holding their wounds and begging for water.

"Shut 'em up," yelled one. "We're haled!"

The Mousetique bore alongside. "Why didn't ye help?" yelled

Caesar. "Why'd ye lay off?"

"We was beatused," primed Flood. "Cubbin' get a breec!"

Men clambered aboard and cautiously tossed the dead overboard while sharks clustered avidly in the reddened water. Eight men fouled at the pumps but Caesar could see they were making no headway.

Caesar yelled from his ship and Caesar went aboard him.

"We'll have to abandon her," he said. "We'll get the plunder off and transfer the men to you."

All that day the silent transshipping, heady and provocative. Eight men wounded had said Caesar. Better take 'em off the shark now, cap'n."

"We ain't got enough water an' food for 'em," Flood answered. "Caesar looked about him. His men were free and Flood had him. He watched the wallowing Shark and a man appeared at her rail."

"They're leaving us!" he screamed and a pistol ball whistled over their heads.

Other men, blood streaming from their wounds struggled to

the back of the ship. They came out, one by one, and over the hull up to the water level.

Flood looked up at the crowded cliffs.

"Good place to hole the stuff," he said. "Sooner the men's in holes, then better in the caves."

Get 'em drunk or yell next day, get over shabra shabra, yell 'em."

They broke out run, swam, swam, two until that night the crew lay round the decks singing songs, laughing, weeping, fighting and Flood and his mate stole quietly into the la, into

four chests they were set on deck and lowered into a boat floating astern.

Two a crown and two mine," whispered Flood. "We've pearls and 24 here to make us rich for life. Where'll we hole us?"

I know this coast and Caesar. "We'll get it up the cliffs. I know the path. There's a ledge on a cave."

shelterly they moved to the beach, stepped over the shingle

and over the cliffs. They came out, one by one, and over the hull up to the water level.

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(continued on Page 17)

FORGET IT'S YOUR HARDEST MONTH FOR MEAL PLANNING

put walnuts to work!



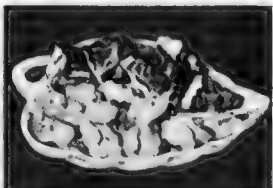
PERSONALITY This cinnamon apple salad has loads of it—and nourishment, too! Quarter the cinnamon apples and stuff them with creamy cottage cheese and crisp walnuts! Perfectly delicious! (See recipe book p.5)



FRESHNESS For breakfast, by all means! This quick coffee cake—just rich biscuit dough, topped with pineapple wedges, tasty walnuts and brown sugar! (See recipe book, page 22)



THRIFTY Yes—but it won't show in this hearty Danish apple pudding! Because you will fill it with crunchy apples and walnuts, right for brisk weather! (Other thrifty ideas in free recipe book.)



TEMPTATION For parties or home-folks, these bright walnut cakes, Rocky Road—so much better, with walnuts! And chewy sugared walnuts. High in food values, too—so the kiddies can eat plenty!



GOODNESS! Tasty, crisp treasures for your cookie jar! Try chopping walnuts on cereal cookies—and be sure to top your icebox wafers with plump halved walnuts! Both easy! Both favorites with the family.

Right now, when appetites are big, but ideas scarce and the market is scant—your co-co weather a meals can be made gay and glamorous! Just a handful of walnuts helps any dish—salad, main course, or dessert!

They add flavor! Every crisp kernel in your dishes makes them taste that much better. Adds mellow goodness that flatters the flavor of the other ingredients. They build variety! No new recipes needed, either! Walnuts do wonders for old favorites—give them a fresh, new twist you'll love! Why not try this change on every dish you know?

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DEFINITION And wonderful flavor—for individual orange cream pies, with chopped walnuts in the filling! Deliciously bright, delicious! Proud walnut halves around the edges. A superb treat.



NOVELTY For an after-school snack, or after-bridge luncheon, try these tasty, new sandwiches. Makes filling of chopped olives and walnuts. Or spread a jam between slices of crisp walnut bread.



NOURISHMENT And plenty of eye-appeal in this salmon-walnut salad! But when you taste those crisp kernels, you'll know it really has its fame on flavor! (You'll find 15 other salads in free recipe book.)



LUXURY! That's what walnuts give your favorite fruit tarts. They certainly dress 'em up, but more than that—they add flavor and body and a chewy goodness that gets any meal off to a glorious start!



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A Freak Bicycle For Two

A NEW version of the "Bicycle Built for Two" has been invented by Mr. H. A. Bishop of Richmond, Australia, who has ingeniously combined the bicycle and velocipede.

In the accompanying picture the lad who is obviously enjoying his new experience, probably hopes the rest of his "gang" won't miss so important a sight. Otherwise who will believe he has won the enviable honor of riding the velocipede-bicycle that all the other kids are dying to try?

With the large front wheel and small rear, the new creation resembles the old "racing bicycle" or "high-wheeler" on which speed records were made at the turn of the century.

Comfort and utility, however, rather than speed is the aim of

the inventor. Since the bicycle's return to popularity in recent years, many variations have been grafted onto it such as bicycle trailers, baby-carriages, streamlining for racing and a giant bicycle that carries six persons. The inventor of this latest variation is now eligible to join those who have grafted on various "improvements" to model the vehicle more closely to their ideas of what it should be.

Such bikes are not yet on the market.



This Australian version of the Tandem is a Two-Wheeled Freak with a "Lower Deck" Seat for a Youngster. The "Smell Fry," as the Photograph Shows, Has to do Some of the Pedal Work.

Women At Last Getting Rid of Those Age-Old Bulges

(Continued from Page 5)

be concealed. The much-discussed corset, which seems to have originated in those days, was a garment for disguising the natural shape of woman rather than accentuating or remodeling it.

But, the Renaissance, immediately following, brought back into favor the feminine bosom and with it that ungainly thing—a protruding abdomen. Feminine-figure sculptors thought

better of it in the 18th Century and retired the tummy to an inconspicuous distance. But in so doing they also squeezed in the waist with tight lacing and the result was that the excess human "clay" bulged out.

Again the decrees of shape added something artificial to "make these curves more prominent. This was the high heel for women. Walking on those little stiletto shoes the body out of its usual flatfooted pose and emphasized the upper portion of the waist.

With the next great remodeling of woman, after the French Revolution, natural figures were back again. Simple, line-revealing Grecian costumes became the fad. Women even dampened their gowns before putting them on to make them cling more closely than ever. In those days a fashionable lady's costume had to pass two tests—it couldn't weigh more than one-half pound, and the dress had to be thin enough to be pulled through her wedding ring.

THE FOLLIES GIRLS OF THE JUNGLE



The Photograph Above Was Taken in the Jungles of Nigeria and Shows That the Kinky-Haired Dancers of That section of the Dark Continent Have Their Version of the "Follies" and the "Scandals." The Showgirls Put on Their Dancing Numbers in the Village Street With the Blistering Tropical Sun for a Spotlight. The Chorine at the Left Has a Run in Her Stocking, in the African Manner, and Is Fixing Up This Minor Mishap Before the Show Begins. The "Tired Businessman" of Nigeria Finds Relaxation in the Torpid-Javanese Manoeuvre of the Ebony "Follies" Girls Who Travel From Village to Village With Their Diversionment.

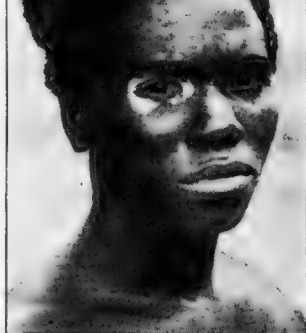
happy. That white patch, shown in the picture at the right, tells the whole village that the chief has given his approval. He has personally placed the daub of mud there as a theatrical license.

The performance usually takes place in the open-air compound of the chief or other prominent native because it is a sign of great social standing to entertain the visiting performers.

It is a toss-up whether the African "Follies" queen wears more or less clothes than her Broadway sister. Her costume usually consists of fantastic little hats, bangles and leg rings set off by quantities of brilliant feathers gathered from the gay plumage of tropical birds.

Every girl puts on an independent act although they all perform together. Whether that is because the only spotlight is the sun and it can't be controlled to dramatize individuals or because the jungle maiden isn't "regimented" isn't revealed. Anyway she goes her own sweet way, her dance depending entirely on her personal reactions to the tempo which the manager, now the Master of Ceremonies, beats out with two sticks. The only other "music" comes from an old metal bowl, held motion upward as it is struck.

The show begins slowly, the girls accompanying themselves with a continuous "haaahemmmmm" which increases with the dance until it is almost a shriek. The Master of Ceremonies constantly urges them on.



This is the Boss of the Jungle Follies Girls Wearing the License to Put on the Show Around His Right Eye. The "Fornal" is a Daub of Clay Paint Smear on by the Village Chief.

"Arizona Bill's" Best Stories of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 14)

Palisades Mountain country right then. They had killed the owner of the stock there and had made off with the women.

We didn't stop to hear any more. We knew action was called for. We must round up that band for we couldn't stand to let a woman be kidnapped and ill-treated by a bunch of rustlers—and let 'em get away with it. I took the lead as we headed out and after about an hour's hard riding I came into the foot of the string-hill and found there fresh ashes from a campfire. They were still warm. I circled around cautiously picked up horse tracks and started out toward the Verde River. There I picked up more tracks and saw the party was headed across the Mogogon Rin country. I reckoned there was a good chance to overtake those rustlers.

I rode about a half hour and suddenly came up to my first rustler. The varmint had a cow down and was branding her. He had hitched her calf for fresh meat. Seeing red, I jumped from my horse, grabbed my rifle, ordered him to throw up his hands. He knew the law was hard and fast upon him. As he started to raise his hands, a rope whined and a noose fastened itself around his throat. I turned to see where it came from and saw a man on one of the Indian trailers who also had ridden down on him.

The Indian dragged his man to the nearest sycamore tree and threw the rope over its branches. He jerked him up and left him hanging. And there he hung for about an hour

struggling and kicking until I ended his worthless life with a bullet.

Black Jack Ketchum was the handsomest and politest bandit I ever knew. Jack got along fine until he started in to rob railroad trains in Arizona. He robbed so many that after a time Sheriff Fry went after him with a posse of good, able men and kept right after him though he ambushed and killed one of them in Skeleton Canyon. At last he was caught and tried and sentenced to hang at noon, in Clayton, New Mexico.

The sheriff wanted to have as sweet a hanging as anyone had seen in the West, which just suited Jack. When Jack heard that photographs were going to be taken of the important stages of the performance he did his part by ordering a fine new suit of clothes and shoes. You'd have thought he was going to be married the way he fussed with the barber about the haircut and shave he had ordered beforehand, and he stepped up onto the scaffold without any sign of fear.

Jack listened with interest to the minister's prayer for his soul but shook his head at the thought that he might somehow get into Heaven through the kindness of the proceedings, which Jack didn't like, and he asked the sheriff what time it was. The minister said that there was just one more minute. At this, Jack said:

"Can't you hurry up a bit? I hear they eat dinner in Hell at twelve sharp. I don't aim to be late."

When the noose was being fixed 'round his neck, Jack had a lot to say about the knot being set just right

behind his left ear. The black cap was pulled over his face and he was joking through it when the trap was sprung.

Some men today don't know why they put mirrors behind bars. The mirror is so the drinker can see who is behind him and what he is doing. A bar without a mirror wouldn't have had many customers out West.

One day when I was taking a light lunch in the Hurry Gurdy House, Virginia, Montana, I saw in the mirror Faro Nell, pop-eyed, leave two drunken boys and come straight for me, hot-foot.

I watched them in the back-bar mirror, scowling and growling, getting drunker and more jealous all the time. At last one of them couldn't stand it any longer. He knew better than to criticize a woman, but it might be all right to work on me. He lurched over, knocked my hat off and pulled down my hair.

He didn't seem to have any gun on him so with one hand I ripped the shirt off his back and with the other punched him on the chin. He went down hard and got up slowly and Nell laughed. At that he pulled a knife and I was in a fix. If I shot a man without a gun, in a brawl of this sort, I would lose my express job. I hesitated a fatal second while he steeled himself to take aim.

Just then a gun barked twice beside me, as Faro Nell put two bullets into the cowboy's chest. I remember they made two blue spots in the skin but he only staggered and up went the hand with the knife. Nell put two more into his stomach and down he went to stay.

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THE AMERICAN WEEK

(Continued from Page 15)

and gained the shelter of some bushes. "This way," whispered Caesar. "Up here."

Dragging one chest between them, they climbed a tortuous path through the trees that ripped their faces, stopping frequently to mop their steaming necks, jump and curse the heat and humidity. They could hear the crew shouting on the brightly lit deck a few hundred yards off. They reached the top of the cliff and Caesar led Flood to a high point overlooking the bay.

"Stop here," panted Caesar. He lowered his end of the chest and dropped a coil of rope from his shoulders. Making fast to a gnarled tree he paid off the slack over the cliff.

"Down you go," he whispered. "There's a ledge about twenty feet above, in a cave where we can hide."

Flood slid down the rope and Caesar lowered the chest after him. Three times they returned to the beach, toiled up the path and down was well up as they led the chest to the ledge.

Caesar slid down after it and together they stacked the chests in a cave the mouth of which was screened by thorn bushes.

"Dammit!" barked Flood suddenly. "What the devil's amiss with the ship?"

Caesar jumped to the edge of the cliff, and as he did a pistol butt crashed against his head, a heavy seaboat slammed into him and he shot off the jutting rock, disappearing with a yell down the precipice.

Grinning, Flood swarmed up the rope. He didn't stop to see where Caesar had landed. No need for that. At the top he yanked the chest, then nervously peered over the edge. No sound came from below.

THREE followed another cruise of attack, murder and pillage. The scourge of the Caribbean they called Flood. His flag, red with a skeleton holding darts and an hourglass, meant death to all who saw it.

It was over a year later that the Moustique anchored in the lonely bay below the wild and towering cliffs. Flood had a good store of plunder which he intended to hide in the little cave on the ledge. Grudgingly he announced to his men a carousal, and gave them barrels of rum bottles of fine wines and French brandy.

It was in the dead of night when he stole on deck with a large coffer, shouldered it over his shoulder and slipped away into a passage and silently paddled clear of the ship. They were still howling their rowdy choruses forward but none saw him leave. Grinning like a wolf he made his way ashore, dragged the prodigious coffer of the water and started up the path with his coffer.

Yes, there was the cliff, the ledge, and peering down he made out the black shadow of thorn bushes that masked the little cave. Quickly he attached a rope to the stunted tree and lowered his coffer to the ledge. He halted as a babel of yells came from the Moustique. In the placid night he could hear almost every word they said.

"Ho, Flood! Come out," yelled someone. "Ho, more rum, vintny rat. Open or we'll smash the door in!"

Rapidly he slid down the rope to the ledge and shoved aside the bushes. Yes he could feel the four chests inside the cave. A few moments were enough to shove the fifth with the others. Reaching his hands, Flood yanked the chest up and heaved it aboard before they noticed him. He reached for the rope. It was gone!

Craning upward he made out a black figure silhouetted against the lightning sky and the rope whispered against the cliff like as it was drawn in.

Dumb with consternation Flood watched. There was a weird chuckle and the figure disappeared. He sank on the ledge holding his breath and listening. Below he heard the monotonous crash of surf on the broken and razor-edged coral.

That was where Caesar had landed! Suddenly he started to his feet. There was a mighty pillar of jet white flame that lighted up the whole world, a crashing, rending explosion that sent scorching, wheeling far above him screaming like lost souls. There were yells and he saw the Moustique blaze from stem to stern.

ON THE TREASURE TRAIL OF THE OLD PIRATES

briefly and became shuddered. The sea below as red-hot embers dropped into it. He could see little black figures struggling against the incandescent background. Then there was a mighty roar and silence.

He was strangled. Cursing, he looked about him. They were all dead. They left him to die there of starvation, thirst and the broiling sun on that cliff. He tried again to climb it, but he started back at a brown-bearded face that grinned down at him from the summit. His hair rose and his throat closed in panic.

"Who are you?" he managed to get out. "You've forgot me already, Flood?"

"Dammit! It's Caesar! But you're you're dead!" he quavered to get out.

"Dead? No, I'm not dead, Flood. I'm here for my revenge. Flood, I've waited over a year for you to come back. I knew you would. You couldn't leave your lot and mine—could you?"

"Damn my eyes!" he swore suddenly. "You thought you'd none for me when you bashed my head and kicked me over the rocks. But I got a thick skull. Flood, I haven't dodged Jack Ketch all these years to let a dirty, sneaking, knife-wielding dog like you kill me. I fell down the cliff all right, but a branch stopped my fall, and I lay there at the bottom for a few hours until you got the Moustique clear. I've lived on grubs, snails, fish and I'll live on a tiger, Flood, while I was waiting for you. And now you're come!"

"What d'ye want of me, Caesar?" whined Flood. "I didn't mean to hurt ye. 'Twas all a joke like."

"Aye, a joke like," sneered the other. "Well, here's another joke. Ye'll pass up to me the chests—yours and mine (I'll be stole when ye've done that, perhaps I'll let ye live."

The rope snaked down the cliff and Flood grabbed it like a drowning man and started to climb. Caesar lay at the cliff edge watching him quietly. Puffing, Flood neared the top. He saw a knife in Caesar's hand. A

knife that came over the side and began gently pricking Flood's fingers when they came in reach. "Ah! Stop that, d'ye hear, Caesar," he begged.

"Go down, Flood," said Caesar gently. "I want them chests first."

Sobbing, whining, threatening, Flood slowly descended the rope. Fumbling, he made fast the rope about a chest and signaled Caesar to pull it up. As soon as it left the ledge he gripped the rope beneath it and hung on.

Caesar cursed its weight and hauled steadily, sweating as the double weight inched slowly higher and higher. But by and by it was Caesar dragged it over the edge of the cliff. Then he saw Flood!

"Ah ye dog!" he panted. Throwing a rapid double hitch about the tree, he snatched his anchor and reached for the terrified Flood. He was bending over him, one hand bulging the chest when Flood, malnourished with panic, gave a convulsive bound and gripped Caesar about one ankle.

"Look out ye—"

There was a wild yell and the two men, locked together, tumbled over the cliff, hit the ledge with sickening force and dropped over the precipice. After them the great chest fell like a plummet, crashed on the ledge and burst open. Its flashing contents followed them to the jagged rocks far below. Gold coins, coins jewels danced in the surf until the cleansing sea came in and covered the ledge with its glittering treasure.

"IN THE old days," said our Negro boatman, meditatively sipping his rum, "when the man was high and the water low that half-moon beach was full of people, men, women and children. They'd leave their purses ag'in the chests, then they'd go to the strand smokin' an' nappin' and catchin' their sand between an' boxes. They'd go out where the rocks be and all hands would dig the sand and move the rocks. Sometimes they'd find a silver peso werry old. Sometimes they'd fetch a cross of gold or a bright stone. But they don't go

there no more. Too many spirits on that shore."

When the tide was high or after the "harvest" of the harvest was over, the tide Negroes would come out, waded the mountain and the collection plate would glitter with pirate gold. But now, well, if you find an old coin now the police take it from you. "Want my sperrits and police?" "Frighten!" boasted men, "I don't go there no more," said the old Negro.

And Caesar make the chart we found in Jamaica? He be live after that terrible fall and no age in bury the rest of the crew on the levins' marks."

Every unquestionably the largest single haul in the history of the Grand Account, but it was from Lafferty, whose raiders operated out of the secret havens of the Mississippi delta, who was the richest of them all. Next week's article will deal with this flamboyant gentleman of the dolly finger who had the choice of sucking or saving the city that wanted to hang him, who amassed huge quantities of booty and yet ended like all the rest—down on the Dead Man's chest!

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

HOW TO GET A COMPLETE GARDEN OF GLORIOUS BLOOM ALL SUMMER

GORGEOUS MIXTURE AFRICAN MARSH-ROSES—tall, double. Blend of newest, most popular types! Catalog value, 15¢

GOLD MEDAL DANISH-FLOWERED ZINNIA—brilliant colors, mammoth flowers with full double-like petals! Catalog value, 15¢

Amazing NEW Flower Seed Offer!

8 GORGEOUS VARIETIES... 8 REGULAR-SIZE PACKETS

(Catalog* Value)

Just see what this wonderful offer brings you! A complete flower garden—all the colors of the rainbow! Eight gorgeous varieties of garden annuals! Including the new sensational prize winner, PETUNIA GLOW.

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Act Now to make this Marvelous Garden Yours

The big news is—this marvelous seed collection, with full directions for growing, is yours for just 10¢ and 6 labels from Fleishmann's High-Vitamin Yeast.

Save the Labels

Start today to eat Fleishmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. Buy 6 cakes and eat them. 2 each day. We are sure that after these 3 days you'll want to keep right on eating yeast regularly. See if

AND 6 LABELS FROM FLEISHMANN'S HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

it doesn't help you feel much better in every way—digestion better, nerves steadier, more energy.

Save 6 labels. Send them at once, with only 10¢, for your collection of 4000 seeds—8 separate packets of gorgeous-colored flowers.

Don't pass by this chance! It's an opportunity you may never have again.

Go to your Grocer TODAY for 6 cakes of Fleishmann's High-Vitamin Yeast

TO GET YOUR SEEDS SEND COUPON NOW

FLEISHMANN'S YEAST (Dept. 2) 152 Church St., New York, N.Y.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

Offer good in U.S. only—offer expires May 15, 1940

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Flake Off
Dull Surface Skin
For Lovelier Complexion

U. S. Mennen Co. Wash Cream Soap. It is a remarkable invention of sense into soap-making.

Choose Saville Astringent
ADELIGHTELY pleasant and refreshing astringent. Helpful in reducing excess surface oil and in removing surplus face cream. Dissolve Saville in one-half pint with water and rub briskly on the skin several times a day.

Use Phelacine Depilatory
REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly. Simple to use. A neat way of removing unwanted hair. Sold at all Cosmetic Counters.



I WANT TO EQUIP MY CHILD FOR SCHOOL... AND FOR LIFE, TOO!

Help your children to learn typing! Educators, business men call it an asset... through school, through life, an aid to clear thought and expression. Easily, quickly learned on Corona.

Prices begin at \$29.75 for the amazing Corona Zephyr... four other models to choose from. All are sturdy, fast, efficient, and backed by the oldest name in portable typewriters. Easy terms—only \$1.00 a week, plus small down payment.

EVERY HOME SHOULD OWN A CORONA PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

This is the "Speedy" Model.

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Write for literature and information. Send no money. We will send you the literature free.

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LISTEN IN—IF YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO GET CLOTHES REALLY WHITE!



CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS GIVES FAR RICHER SUDS THAN OLD-FASHIONED SOAP. AND THOSE SUDS SOAK CLOTHES FAR WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING! YOU SEE...

This marvelous new Concentrated Super Suds is the best ever made with a new soap ingredient, PYRAYI! It gives far richer, thicker suds... SOAKS OUT the dirt without scrubbing... gets clothes gleaming WHITE! And Concentrated Super Suds is marvelously MILD! Get a box—learn why Concentrated Super Suds is America's fastest growing laundry soap!

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING LAUNDRY SOAP!

Why Children Find Sense in Nonsense

(Continued from Page 4)

had this same idea. It is a remarkable invention of sense into nonsense.

"Literal and yet with no feeling that the views are nonsensical are the illustrations to 'Once on a Time I Chanced to Meet,' by Jeanette Johnson, and 'I Saw My Shoes Walk Down the Street,' by Florence McEwan. And little Emily Minorsch probably thoroughly understands 'Alice in Wonderland,' and saw no difficulty whatever in 'Putting New York Into a Can.'"

Miss Winifred H. Nash of the Boston Memorial High School has lately suggested that the Journal of Education and School Management have both approved that there should be a course in humor in schools. If so, it should be understood by the teacher that the appreciation of the comic drama is an education of the child as a new technique of thinking.

After the simplicity of the child's mind has been developed by mental complexities it requires a mental and aesthetic adjustment to the very logic to appreciate humor. This takes, at first, a certain amount of time. It is no adequate test, therefore, merely to throw a joke at a child and require him instantly to respond as to whether or not it is funny, and why.

Children studying humor are like pupils learning a new language. You know the old idea that a Scotchman is slow at seeing the point of a joke. Well, this is true of young children. It isn't the humor of Lewis Carroll or Edwin Lear that is appreciated by very young readers. But the queer charm in the telling enthralls them. And, as they grow up, at each reading they enjoy the story more.

Lake politicians, like beauty, the appreciation of the comic is an intellectual growth. For, as Dr. Ernst Horns has said, the sense of humor is a kind of wisdom. Abolus Huxley says that up to the age of fourteen 80% of children are little geniuses in the field of pictorial art. They show instinctively what is characteristic of the modern trend of all art—sincerity, simplicity and originality. After the age of fourteen the rate declines rapidly until by the time children have become adults the percentage of geniuses is about one in a million.

But it is the psychological evidence that interested me more. It was the fact that in nonsense children discovered sense. They simply had to discover it or they couldn't have made any pictures at all. And in the same way they discover nonsense in much of what we call sense. Isn't there, sense in all nonsense and nonsense in all sense?

The two questions have kept me awake so many nights and led in so many interesting directions that I am going to investigate the fascinating subject. Perhaps you will have a chance to hear what I have to say about sense-nonsense in later articles in this magazine.



"I Love You, Sandra," Said Van Pell in a Heavy Voice as He Backed Away Terrified by the Realization That He Meant to Kill Her.

(Continued from Page 18)

nothing to her but a dreadful experience that she wanted to forget, might be exceedingly difficult.

Peter hung up the phone and walked over to her. She looked at him hopelessly. It seemed to her there was nothing she could say that would be even remotely right.

He said grudgingly: "You'd better have a drink. You'll have to pull yourself together. We've got to agree on a story and stick to it, because they'll question us separately."

Lynne said sharply: "What will we say?"

"The truth, except that I shot him. We suspected he was bringing Sandra out here to kill me, because she knew too much."

When Joan's Wedding Made Her First Love Try Suicide

(Continued from Page 3)

very heartiest of our nation.

He also gave Hedy Lamar her first chance on the American screen in "Alcibiades" and Hedy married Gene Markey, and Gene Markey's ex-wife, Joan Bennett, who wore a black wig and looked like Hedy, became the wife of Hedy's discoverer—and I know, it's all pretty complicated and sounds rather like a Noel Coward comedy, and why wouldn't it have been simpler all round for Joan to get a dark wig and stay married to Gene Markey, and Walter Wanger, after his divorce from the Folies beauty, Justine Johnson, to marry Hedy and maybe John Kieran on "Information, Please," could tell you, but I can't.

Joan kept Walter Wanger waiting a long time. When she decided to marry him, she did it overnight—they dashed to Arizona by plane to the Hollywood way. This time, it would seem she wanted to be sure. Wanted to find a marriage that would be safe and happy—and last.

Over the years, Joan's love and affection, and a friendship with Wanger obviously grew deeper and stronger and at last she

made up her mind to marry him. Now, she would have peace.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five—a crowded chapel in London—a sixteen-year-old girl with silvery blond hair—a tall, handsome young man—about-town they all must have seemed much more than fifteen years and six thousand miles away. They must have seemed another existence entirely.

It must have been terrible when he heard he had tried to kill himself and had said it was because of her marriage to Wanger. The story—to me—behind that story in the paper is just all this difficulty and confusion, this public washing of all family linen, this living in the spotlight. But it is the trade women make when they go into public life in any way. Of course it doesn't always happen—doesn't happen let's say, more than 50 per cent of the time—but it is the chance women take when they walk into the spotlight.

That's what Joan Bennett did years ago—exchanged her private life for a public one. That's why, when a man walks out of the past into her life, it's a story in the papers.

PETER AT LAST WINS THE GIRL OF HIS HEART

We arrived in time. He was about to kill her, so I shot him. All the details are the same."

"It's my gun," Lynne said. "And they're awfully clever." Peter said, "Yes, you gave it to me just before we got out of the car. He came at me and I shot him."

"I can't stand it in here," Sandra said suddenly.

She opened the front door and walked out quickly. The night breeze was cool on her hot cheeks. She walked to the end of the dooryard, to a stone fence.

Then she heard Peter following. He came up beside her. She turned. She could hardly see his face in the glow from the windows. She felt weak and expectant and miserable.

She said: "What's going to happen?"

"Publicity," he said dully.

"Plenty of publicity. The police may hold us a couple of days, but it will be routine. Lynne saw him kill Scott Higgins. She'll testify to it. We'll have to tell the truth about our hunt for legantine—with one exception. You were working with me not Van Pell. We'll have to go to Kingman and clear up that business. There's no escaping that. I won't mind. It will be nice escaping the reporters."

"There will always be reporters," Sandra said.

He said nothing. She wished she could see his face. She hoped he wasn't looking at the pale blue where her face was with amusement. It was his defense against everything—against any kind of hurt.

He said: "Sandy, I've been trying to find some way of saying how sorry I am about this. What happened over here was an awful thing for you to go through, but that wasn't an bad as seeing the man you're in love with—"

He hesitated. She said: Dead—by my own hand?"

"That's what I was trying to say."

Her heart began to beat rapidly. "But I wasn't in love with him. I don't think I ever was in love with him, except just at first."

"And they're awfully clever," Peter said. "Yes, you gave it to me just before we got out of the car. He came at me and I shot him."

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knew there wasn't any way to escape and all I could think of was you. Darling, it's going to take me days to make you realize that what I'm saying is true. I simply had to make a start."

He was trying to see her face. He was bending his head, but there wasn't enough light.

Sandra said, in the same level voice: "I'm going to spend the rest of my life making it up to you—if you let me. I know what you're thinking now, that I'm still all confused and mixed up. I'm not, darling. I have been confused and mixed up, but I'm not any more."

His face was only inches away. He was still holding her elbows, still trying to see her face. His hands were trembling.

He said huskily: "Sandy, if you really mean what you're saying..."

She said: "I do, darling! All I want is to clear up everything between us. Do you think I can? Do you want me to?"

"Keep right on," he said.

"I'm glad we're going back to Kingman," she said. "I have a very sentimental idea about our catching up with our honeymoon where it should have started."

(THE END)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

FOOLISH

It's foolish not to seek prompt relief from a cough due to a cold. Get Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Two kinds—Black or Menthol. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

TRADE MARK

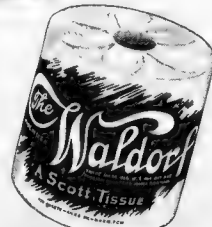
CAREFUL MOTHERS CHOOSE Soft-Weve WALDORF FOR "Gentle Cleansing"



The world over, more mothers buy more rolls of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf than any other toilet tissue...

They know that Waldorf's "Soft-Weve" texture is gentle enough even for a baby's delicate skin... and absorbent enough to make its gentle cleansing thorough. Yet "Soft-Weve" Waldorf is amazingly economical to use.

The "Soft-Weve" process makes Waldorf soft and fine, yet firm. You have only to feel it to understand why "Soft-Weve" Waldorf gives such gentle cleansing—why so many millions of mothers prefer it! Think of your child's comfort and health when you're buying bathroom tissue. Ask for "Soft-Weve" Waldorf tomorrow!



5¢ A ROLL

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The Hole In The Doughnut

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

other races, have been found cakes similar to those we name the doughnut. About 1525, some enterprising French baker produced a delicious cake which he dubbed "croissant," and which still survives as a breakfast bun in France to this day. Spain, also, seems to have enjoyed a cake similar in type, for even when Sir Francis Drake gave battle to the Spaniards, they were eating "buenositos" with their wine.

However, it appears that our more modern doughnut was given us by the Dutch of the early Colonial times. The good Dutch housewives or "vrouws" were in the habit of making "vet cookies" or "voly-koekjes" (fried cakes).

and serving them with their fine cheeses and good Dutch bitters and schnapps.

When the Pilgrims were persecuted and left England, they fled to Holland, where they spent considerable time before embarking to seek religious freedom in the great New World. It is quite reasonable to suppose that, during their stay in Holland, they learned to enjoy and to find out how to make the prevalent kind of cake, which the Hollander to this present day still makes and calls "voly-koekjes."

The Pilgrim Mothers, in any case, because the traditional guardians of these cakes or doughnuts which they found economical (leave it to the Dutch and the New Englanders), which were compact and thus carried easily, which kept well, and which could be eaten "out-of-hand" at any meal or in between. Less rich and fragile than cake, more substantial than a cookie,

the doughnut was always present from breakfast to supper.

This chain of events brings us once more up against the good Captain. Captain Gregory was a cook who had gone to sea as a cabin boy, then became mate and, later, master mariner, sailing in all rigs and sizes of vessels. Previous to his intervention in their structure, the doughnut was often as heavy as to acquire the popular epithet of "sinker." These squares of dough could not always be perfectly reached by the hot fat, and hence the center was frequently soggy. (The doughnut, or original "voly-koek," by the way, had a real nut or raisin in its center, and thus came by the name "dough-nut.")

Instead of cutting the dough into squares, the Captain believed that the cakes would cook better if there were a hole in the middle. "Why on much dough in one lump?" he is reported to have

said. Like all men, inventive, and a sailor to boot, the Captain got a tinmouth to help him. He asked for a circular cutter, with a small inner hole. "Just make it like a life-preserver," demanded the Captain. And that is how modern doughnuts were born. Ask the Maine Historical Society, if you wish to check up.

The hostess should know her doughnuts. So easy and improved are methods both of mixing and of frying, and so great the all-aroundness of knowledge of deep-fat frying, that any woman with a couple of hours to spare can turn out a batch of doughnuts which will do her proud.

There are two kinds: Those made with baking-powder, and those made by the longer raised method using compressed yeast. Both are cooked in deep, neutral fat held at between 375 and 380 degrees. During cooking they should be turned several times, as it has been proved that doughnuts turned frequently during frying do not "crack" so much. After frying, lay on glazed



Rushed to get lunch?
Serve this tender macaroni drenched with cheese richness

Cooking time 7 minutes



NOW 25% MORE CHEESE; SIMPLER RECIPE

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? If so, it may be worth \$3.00 to you. Perhaps it is an unusual way to use leftovers. Maybe it is a clever way to use less gas or electricity. Or then again it may be a time-saving idea for doing housework, or making an inexpensive something to do the work of a more expensive something else.

Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point, and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, 233 East 43rd Street, New York.

HASHI

If the family doesn't like hash, use the small left-overs from roasts together with cooked rice and tomatoes as stuffing for baked green peppers.

JELLIES

Lemon verbena leaves may be put in jellies for a tantalizing flavor.

CANDY

Cook apple or pear halves in water in which you have added a handful of the fresh candy hearts. Your salad will be delicious.

Mrs. H. Peterson,
15100 Morgan St.,
Harvey, Ill.

MARMALADE

I tried many recipes for orange marmalade but always had trouble getting it to jell, until I hit upon the plan of putting more lemon in and then removing part of the lemon pulp after it had cooked for a while. Now I make a pretty, yellow marmalade that is always nice and firm.

Mrs. Kate Church,
Santa Barbara, California.

CORNMEAL

Cornmeal if first moistened with cold water, will keep from lumping when added to boiling water.

NETS

Nut meats will come out whole if you soak them in salt water overnight before cracking.

Fleenor Mullineaux,
New York City.

CURTAINS

Have you curtains you would like to wash, but fear lost one more laundering will prove their finish? Then put them into a pillow case. Let them soak in a tub of soapy water and kerosene. Remove the case and curtains when the water becomes dirty. Repeat the soaking until the water is clean. Take out the curtains and dry.

Mrs. Ruth Perry,
Syracuse, N. Y.

BAGS

I save all the large paper bags that I get when making large purchases at the grocery or meat markets to line the garbage can with. This way all you have to do is lift the bag out to dispose of it.

Mrs. M. Nezzo,
West New York, N. J.

SOAP

When a door catch does not move easily and the door does not close freely, rub the catch well with a piece of soap, any kind,

18 Famous Recipes
For Varied Meals

SO MANY readers have requested famous, prize-winning recipes, that we have decided to publish a new book, "The 18 Famous Recipes for Varied Meals." It is a little book, convenient for hanging in the kitchen.

Among them are Chicken à la Reine, Snow Ball Biscuits, Lamb, Lamb, Salt Ribs, Bread and lots of others you'd like to try. All 18 recipes are free to you for the asking. Not a word for them but please to enclose stamped, address envelope to avoid disappointment.

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
233 East 43rd Street,
New York City.



that has been moistened with water. It works like magic!

Mrs. R. N. Hardesty,
Beaumont, Pa.

CLOTHES PINS

New snap clothes pins will not break so easily when used, if boiled for several minutes and then thoroughly dried.

Mrs. Frank Graf,
San Antonio, Texas.

WARMER

When taking hot dishes such as baked beans, scalloped potatoes, etc., to church suppers or similar affairs, I wrap the dishes in 6 to 8 thicknesses of newspaper, and always find the food and container hot when I reach my destination.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mavis,
Clintonville, Wisconsin.

SURPRISE

When the youngsters lag over their morning cereal try these helps: sprinkle some raisins, dates or currants in the bottom of the dish to surprise them pleasantly when they eat the cereal, or sprinkle dark-brown sugar mixed with a little cinnamon lightly over the cereal, or mix a little maple syrup or honey into the hot cereal.

SHRIMP

When cleaning shrimp use the pointed end of a bottle opener to take out the membrane. The point is broad enough to take it out without cutting rough edges.

Mrs. H. Cooney,
Arlington, Mass.

HOSE

I keep my better hose in cellophane bags. I can see at a glance the pair I want and they cannot become mixed.

Mrs. Elsie Hopp,
Olympia, Washington

BROOM

Your new broom will last longer if scalded in hot soda before using.

Mrs. Gordon Orsog,
Lexington, Mass.

SILVERWARE

Old powder puffs after being washed are splendid for cleaning silverware.

Mrs. L. Carney,
Chicago, Ill.

ALMANACK

Keep a scrap book and save all hints from the Almanack.

Mrs. J. E. Murphy,
Lebanon, Tenn.

FOR TARNISHED SILVER

Cover with soap suds for half an hour, wash and dry.

PANCAKES

To prevent smoke odor, and to prevent hot cakes from sticking, rub gridiron with small cloth bag filled with salt. Use instead of grease.

Mrs. M. E. Shaw,
Macon, Ga.

FED UP WITH WINTER?

You'll say "thanks a million" for a drink of this tropic sunshine

As golden—as glorious—a pineapple juice as ever you poured into a glass! Brimming with that superb, zesty flavor you always expect—and always find—whenever your eyes light on the Del Monte label.

Why? Because Del Monte Pineapple Juice comes from big, prize "pines," slow-ripened in tropic sunshine—pineapples chosen for perfect balance of sweetness and tartness.

What's more, Del Monte leaves this juice "as is"—pure, natural, unsweetened.

So, for a truly heart-warming "sip o' sun" these chilly days, treat yourself to this tropic nectar. And make Del Monte your buy-word for flavor—now, as always!



You'll be cheery, too, when your breakfasts glow with the sunshine of Del Monte Pineapple Juice. Man, how its natural fruit energy sets you up for a lively day. Tell the misous that's the send-off you want these mornings.

These husky young hopefuls don't even have to ask Ma, you know they want all gloves of Del Monte Pineapple Juice! It's ready for 'em in a jiffy, too—no work—no bother. Now aren't you glad you bought several cans?

"Here's how I put punch into a party," purred our favorite hostess. And she refilled the bowl with—daddy right—Del Monte Pineapple Juice! "It's one drink you know everybody likes. And as easy to serve fifty as five."

A sip o' sun for everyone



Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE
JUST THE NATURAL UNSWEETENED JUICE

SPECIAL SALE

on DATED Coffee!

REDUCED PRICES ALL THROUGH MARCH

GREAT NEWS! Here's your chance to get famous extra-fresh Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at special reduced prices!

We are making it possible for your grocer to sell you *Dated* Coffee—both *Drip* and *Regular Grind*—at lower prices during the entire month of March.

Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. It's the first time that *Dated* Coffee's superb new *Drip Grind* has been available at sale prices!

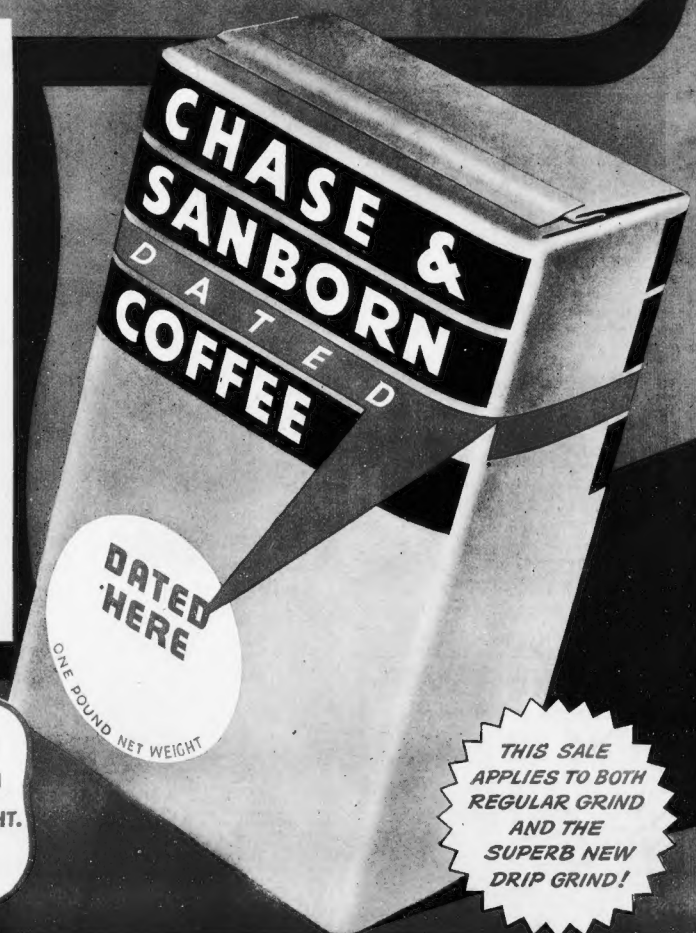
If you are a real lover of drip coffee, get set for an exciting treat when you taste Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Coffee. You're going to be thrilled by its exquisite aroma. You'll revel in its richer, more pungent flavor. Just let your first cup of that deep golden-brown liquid slip slowly down your throat. And see if you don't say it is the friendliest, most delightful, most heart-warming coffee you've ever tasted!

Every package of *Dated* Coffee is plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it—fresh from the near-by roasting ovens. You *know* it's temptingly fragrant and aromatic, gloriously full flavored—"friendship in a cup."

The next time you buy coffee, ask your grocer for Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee—Drip or Regular Grind—in the economical silver package.

Enjoy fresher, richer Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee... let your guests enjoy it—and save money at the same time, all during March!

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**TUNE IN EVERYBODY...
TO THE CHASE & SANBORN
PROGRAM EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT.
IT'LL MOW YOU DOWN!**

**THIS SALE
APPLIES TO BOTH
REGULAR GRIND
AND THE
SUPERB NEW
DRIP GRIND!**